

From the Edinburgh Review.

Histoire des Races Maudites de la France et de l'Espagne. Par FR. MICHEL. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1847.

THE mediæval writers on politics divided society into three classes—those who worked, those who fought, and those who prayed; or, in other words, the man who produced the necessities of life, the soldier who defended him in his industry, and the priest who assisted him by prayers for his success. This was, however, a very imperfect and inaccurate picture of the social relations of that long confused period which we are in the habit of designating as the Middle Ages, when the necessity of individual self-protection, social prejudices and enmities, intermixture of different races, and other causes, produced an endless variety of subdivisions of classes and castes, that have disappeared with the extinction of feudal institutions, and are now only remembered in a few local prejudices or customs. To understand the middle ages, it is very necessary that we should know these various accidents and peculiarities of society, for on them depends often the particular character of many great public events which we have at first sight a difficulty in explaining.

With the natural subdivisions of these three principal classes we are tolerably well acquainted, because they frequently make their appearance in history, and have been the objects of multitudes of legal documents. But there were, besides these, distinct classes which had been gradually formed of the refuse of the others, composed of those who, having relinquished or been forced out of the position which the law acknowledged, had gradually formed themselves into a separate caste which lived upon society, and which, though virtually not acknowledged or protected by the law, still filled an important place in the great social scheme; while there were others again who, not only disowned by the law, but hated and avoided by their fellow-men, lived like the Pariahs of the east, apart from and deprived of direct intercourse with the rest of mankind. The history of this latter class is almost unknown; in many countries all traces of its existence have disappeared, for no class of mediæval writers have condescended to speak of it. It is the same with the Indian Pariahs, concerning whom it would be useless to think of seeking for much information in native writers; but we have it in our power to examine into the state and character of the castes of the Hindoos as they still exist unimpaired and on the spot:—whereas unfortunately no one attempted to trace the history of the Pariahs of the west, until the few, who are left, have been in general admitted to social rights, and have lost many of their most interesting fea-

tures. Before the recent appearance of the two volumes which form the subject of our present remarks, it was hardly suspected that this new link of comparison between mediæval Europe and ancient or mediæval India had ever existed.

The wild districts in the west and south-west of France, extending from Brittany and Maine through Poitou, Guienne, Gascony, Bearn, and the Basque provinces to Navarre, and some of the neighboring districts of Spain on the other side of the Pyrenees, have been little explored, and in many parts the population presents a very primitive physiognomy. The class of which we are now speaking is scattered over this extensive tract of country, and has been known from time immemorial by the name of Cagots, Capots, Agots, or Gahets, or by the still more singular and general one of *Chrestians*, (Christian,) although the latter appears to have become nearly obsolete. Almost every village possesses a family or two of Cagots: at least evidence of their former existence is found in the name still retained by the locality they inhabited, or the places they frequented; and in some parts, especially in Spanish Navarre, which M. Michel supposes to have been their head quarters, they are still numerous. Their residence was, in fact, almost always confined to a particular street or quarter of the town; and in country villages they generally occupied a separate hamlet, which in many instances is divided from the other habitations by a river. Such is the case at Lurbe, in the arrondissement of Oloron, where the Cagots formed a numerous portion of the population, and where a bridge was the only communication between them and the rest of the inhabitants. In many cases where the Cagot families had become extinct at a comparatively distant period, their houses appear to have been destroyed, and the name of *lous Capots* or *lous Chrestians*, is now often found attached to unoccupied sites, while in other instances their residences have been consigned to some degraded purpose. At Mont de Marsan the quarter of the Cagots (there named *Gezits*) is now inhabited entirely by people of ill fame, and by prostitutes. In the departments of the Upper and Lower Pyrenees, where this caste appears to have been very numerous, we scarcely meet with a little town or village to which there is not attached a separate group of houses known as "The Capots," besides a number of small hamlets bearing the same name, which are situated in remote districts far from other habitations. The street of the Cagots or Capots also occurs frequently in the towns of the various departments which they inhabited.

It is in the churches, however, that we find the most numerous and lasting proofs of the existence

of the *Cagots*, as well as of the abhorrence in which they were held by the rest of the population. In some places they seem to have had at a remote period churches or chapels of their own—at least, the ruins or traces of small ecclesiastical buildings are found, which popular tradition ascribes to them. In most of the churches of the west and south-west of France, there is a small entrance door (now often walled up) called the *Cagots' door*, quite distinct from the principal entrance: there is also a division of the church at some distance from the portion of the church occupied by the congregation, which is understood to have been set apart for the *Cagots*, and a small holy-water basin for their separate use, the latter generally bearing traces of ancient sculpture. The street of the *Cagots*, a narrow dirty lane, generally led to the little door of the church. The *Cagots*, who were looked upon, even by the church, as an accursed race, were expressly forbidden to enter by the same door as the rest of the congregation, or to introduce themselves into any other part of the church than that set aside for them, or to approach the larger holy-water basin. In many places, as at Luccarré, in the *arrondissement* of Pau, and at Claraeq, in the *canton* of Thèze, (in the department of the Pyrenees,) where the *Cagots* were admitted to partake in the holy sacrament, they were still kept apart from other people, and the consecrated bread was reached to them at the end of a rod or cleft stick. No one but a *Cagot* would enter the church by the *Cagot's door*, or even pass along the street they inhabited. At Ossun, in the department of the Hautes Pyrenées, so late as the year 1789, a *Cagot* having ventured to dip his hand into the larger holy-water basin, narrowly escaped becoming a victim to popular fury; and it is recorded, that in the department of the Landes of Bordeaux, at the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI., a rich *Cagot* of that country (for they were not always poor) having been observed to use the water from the holy-water basin of the inhabitants of the place at three different times, an old soldier went with his sabre to watch one Sunday at the church door, and, as the *Cagot* was again preparing to violate the law by which his whole race was proscribed, the soldier cut off his hand, which was immediately picked up and nailed to the church door as a warning to prevent future offences of the same description. On the other hand, an old woman of Serre Castet, in the *canton* of Morlaas (Hautes Pyrenées) informed M. Michel that she remembered having when a child been frequently beaten by her mother for putting her hand into the holy-water basin of the *Cagots*. It is still related at Larroque, in the same department, as an atrocious act of revenge against the curé, that a man once introduced gravel into the lock of the curé's door, so that he was obliged to pass into the church through the door of the *Cagots*. At Argelos, where this door happens not to have been (as is so often the case) walled up, the aversion to the *Cagots* continues so strong among the inhabitants, that rather than pass

through it, they make a circuit of above twenty yards, and descend into the churchyard by a short ladder, although the "way of the *Cagots*" is at the same time more direct, and on a level with the churchyard. At Lurbe, where, as we have said, the *Cagots* were numerous, it was not easy to keep them separate from the rest of the congregation, to the great annoyance of the curé, who took every opportunity of showing openly his contempt for them. One of the inhabitants, still alive at a very advanced age, remembers that on one occasion, just before the breaking out of (what we have been accustomed to call) the great revolution, a *Cagot* woman having accidentally passed the boundary in the church within which they were restrained, the curé burst into a rage in the middle of the service, and shouted out, "*Votre place n'est pas là, Cagote! et sachez que moi, que je sois devant ou derrière vous, je suis toujours votre curé; mais vous autres, que vous soyez devant ou derrière, vous ne serez jamais que de vilains Cagots!*"

The prejudice against the *Cagots* was not confined to the interior of the church; for in almost every parish there was a separate cemetery for them, or at least a place set apart for them in the cemetery belonging to the church;—no person who was not a *Cagot* would on any account be interred near them. Nor were they even permitted to draw water at the same well as other people; and there is in most of the villages they inhabited a well still known as the *Cagots' well* (*la houn deus Cagots, houn deu Chrestian, &c.*)

This deep-rooted feeling of aversion to what was looked upon by every one as an accursed race, was carried into all the relations of life. Men or women who had been induced to contract marriage with *Cagots*, were considered to have thereby forfeited their caste, and were deserted even by their nearest relations. In many places the prejudice against intermarriage with *Cagots* continues to exist at the present day. A recent example occurred at Hennebon, in Lower Brittany, where a baker, having married a woman reputed of *Cagot* race, lost immediately all his custom among the lower orders of people. A respectable family at Agnos, in the *arrondissement* of Oloron, has been no less than six times on the point of concluding a marriage for their eldest son, (now forty years of age,) but it was always broken off on its being discovered that the ancestors of the family of the bridegroom were *Cagots*. And at Mifaget, in the same district, a rich and very respectable family of peasants has been equally unable to find a match for their daughter, merely on account of their being known to be of *Cagot* blood. In 1841, a girl of Cheust, in the valley of Argelès (Hautes Pyrenées) was on the point of marrying a *Cagot* of the neighborhood; the match was in every respect a most advantageous one, and had the entire approval of the father and mother of the girl, but the grandmother, in whom the old prejudices remained undiminished, insisted upon it being broken off. Another family, richer, but less scrupulous in this respect, married their daughter to the *Cagot*.

It is remarkable that the Cagots in general bore the tyrannical contempt to which they were exposed with resignation, although they were often more wealthy, and in other respects superior, to their neighbors who laid claim to purer blood. In their popular ballads they spoke of their condition in jest, and without bitterness; and in a few instances where the attempt has been made to rescue the Cagot population from an intolerant neighborhood, by removing them to a distant part of the country, they always showed an eager desire to return to their native place. They did not, however, always submit quietly to persecution; for both local traditions and popular songs speak of serious conflicts between individuals of the two races, and of riots that have arisen out of them. Events like these, and anecdotes of the former hostile feeling between the Cagots and the inhabitants of pure blood, still form in some villages the ordinary conversation of old people. We find them sometimes purchasing exemption from their persecutors. At Pardies (Bearn) a Cagot, in 1725, paid thirty livres and a "drinking-bout" (*buvette*) to the commune, for permission to enter the sanctuary and sing with the others in the church. In general, the Cagots were denied all communion with their fellow-men; so much so that they were not allowed to contribute to local taxation. And when, at Momas, (Basses Pyrenées,) a tax called *rancale* was levied on all the Cagots of the commune, to mark the contempt in which they were held, the collector was accompanied with a dog, to which each Cagot was obliged to give a piece of bread.

The Cagots differed, at least for the century and a half during which we have had any direct information respecting them, from the Parias of the east in their moral character, which has been in every respect as correct as that of the population which surrounded them. Here and there, indeed, M. Michel collected vague imputations which appear to be totally unsubstantiated by facts; they are charged, for instance, with cunning and faithlessness—vices which are almost always attached to races that have been reduced to a state of degradation—as well as with sensuality. In former days they were sometimes treated as heretics, in spite of their regular attendance at church; and they were also popularly looked upon as sorcerers, which was perhaps the reason that their residences were so often separated from those of their neighbors by a stream of water. Such was the case at Cadillac-sur-Garonne (Gironde,) where the road by which they entered the town was known popularly as the *chemin-du-diable*. They were probably the cause of the evil reputation which the Basque provinces enjoyed in this respect during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the district of Mauléon, the peasantry, till recently, looked upon the Cagots with the greatest terror, in the belief that they bewitched their cattle; and in various other parts, especially in Brittany, they are believed to possess the power of the evil eye, and mothers carefully hide their infants from the Cagot's gaze. This superstitious feeling, probably, led to another

accusation, brought against them in some parts during the last century, that of holding secret meetings for purposes that were never divulged. It is further stated—though this must, doubtless, be looked upon as a mere prejudice, connected perhaps with the charge of sorcery—that most of the persons of pure blood united to Cagots fall ill soon after their marriage, and that many of them die, while those who recover possess thenceforward a much stronger constitution than before. M. Michel repeats on the authority of a correspondent, that there are instances of Cagot women who, in a very short space of time, had sent to the grave three husbands not Cagots, although they had been all young and healthy; and he adds, that there were instances of Cagot men who had as rapidly despatched their three wives who had the misfortune to be of a different race.

The author of the volumes before us, appears to be too credulous respecting information of this kind; and the notices he has collected of the physical character of the Cagot caste are too confused and imperfect to be of much use. This is to be attributed partly to the difficulty of obtaining anything more than vague traditions on the subject; now, that the old prejudices against this unfortunate race have been so generally broken down, and any physical peculiarities, which they might have possessed, are worn out by the intermixture of blood. All authorities seem, however, to agree, that the Cagots were universally distinguished by the absence of the lobe of the ear; in consequence, in many parts of the country, it is still a common practice to apply to a Cagot, as an opprobrious epithet, the name of *short-ears* (*courtes-oreilles*.) According to different informants, they were distinguished also by whiteness of skin, by the largeness of the head, by the habitual recurrence of particular diseases—these being evidently only the accidental consequences of the localities they inhabit—and lastly, they were accused of being lepers. There never existed, as far as we can trace, any ground for this latter imputation, which probably arose from the circumstance that a Cagot and a leper were formerly placed under the same ban of society. It is, indeed, extremely probable that, in speaking of lepers and of the class now known by this general title of Cagots, the old writers, in many instances, mistook the one for the other.

M. Michel has also left us in some uncertainty on another important circumstance connected with his subject. We should like to know whether any peculiarities of language can now be traced among the Cagots, such as might tend to prove, what all other facts lead us to infer, that they are of an entirely different race from the people among whom they are so singularly located. The occupations in which the Cagots have engaged are not numerous. In some parts we find them employed as smiths, masons, weavers, and, occasionally, carrying on one or two other businesses. As weavers, they worked in general for distant customers; since, the people of the neighborhood, knowing

their origin, would give them no employment, for fear their cloth should be *encagotté*, a term which seems to have been understood as implying that they would be bewitched. The Cagots were the chimney-sweeps of Pau. In the Basque provinces they often exercised the craft of minstrels, the profession generally, during the middle ages, of a degraded class. But, with these few and not very frequent exceptions, the universal occupation of the Cagots, in all parts of the country, was that of carpenter, a fact so well known, that in many parts the term carpenter was considered synonymous with Cagot; it has given rise to a popular tradition, still preserved in two or three places, (and which would make Jews of them for the purposes at least of hatred,) that their caste was descended from the carpenter who made the cross on which our Saviour was crucified. With the little historical knowledge we at present possess relating to them, it would be in vain to pretend to propose a theory of origin which would be much better, whatever we may think of this. Some writers make them descendants of the Goths, who were reduced to a state of dependency by the Frankish invaders; others have hazarded this and that conjecture; if we understand him well, M. Michel's opinion is, that they are a remnant of the Saracen invaders of the south of France, left behind after the defeat of their brethren by the Christians. We confess that to us all these theories seem equally open to objection; and their particular locality among the Basques and Bretons would lead us to suppose that their origin is much more remote.

Such are the Parias in a corner of Western Europe; as far as we can judge of them by local observation, and by the accounts of old people who have lived among them during the last century. That they have been attached to the same localities from a very early period we have sufficient evidence in a few old documents; which also lead us to believe that they were formerly much more numerous than at present, and that, however miserable may have been their condition in modern times, it was once far more deplorable. In a chartulary of the abbey of Luc, a Cagot is mentioned under the appellation of *Christianus*, in a document of the date of about 1000. There are some documents of the latter part of the thirteenth century, which speak of Gahets in the Bordelais. According to the customs of Bearn, compiled in 1303, a man suspected of crime, against whom there was no direct evidence, was to justify himself by the assertion of six freemen or of *thirty* Cagots. In 1378, the Cagots of Bearn made an agreement with Gaston Phebus, Count of Foix, by which they undertook to execute the carpentry work necessary for his castle of Montaner, (a few leagues to the east of Pau,) in exchange for which the count remitted to them forever two francs of *focage*, which the Cagots (*Chrestiaas*) were in the habit of paying for each fire, and granted them exemption from all taxes which might be exacted

from them in his dominions. This document proves that the Cagots were never serfs. In the customs of the town of Mas-d'Agenais (Lot et Garonne) committed to writing in 1388, we find the inhabitants strictly prohibited from buying food from the Cagots, or from employing them as laborers in their vintage. The municipal regulations of Marmande, in the same department, compiled in 1396, subject the Cagots to a heavy punishment, if they presumed to enter the town without a mark of red cloth, as a distinction, on their robe, or if they walked in the streets without a covering to their feet; when they met one of the townspeople they were to stand on one side of the road till he passed; they were allowed to purchase only on Mondays; they were forbidden to enter taverns or to buy wine, or to touch the vessels out of which people drank, or to take water out of the public well. From this date they are frequently mentioned as Cagots or Chrestiaas in the customs of different towns; they are proscribed in most of them no less rigorously than lepers and Jews, and are not unfrequently confounded with the former. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the Cagots or Agots of Navarre, addressed a complaint against the clergy of Navarre, for refusing to allow them to participate in the rites of the church; the refusal is said to have been based on the accusation, that their ancestors had assisted Count Raymond of Toulouse in his revolt against the authority of Rome. The huissier of the conseil royal of Navarre, in opposing their demands, went a little further back: for, he affirmed that the Agots were the descendants of Gehazi, the wicked servant of the prophet Elisha, and as the prophet's curse was still hanging over them, he concluded them to be spiritually leprous and damned: he expressed the popular aversion then felt towards them, by declaring that the grass on which one of this accursed race trod was immediately dried up and lost its natural virtue; that apples and other fruits became rotten and corrupted the moment an Agot laid his hand upon them, and that their persons and their houses stank as though they were infected by some filthy disease. The pope issued a bull in their favor, but the local authorities in many places persisted in these vexatious proceedings, notwithstanding; the struggle for a participation in religious rites was carried on during several years, and broke out again at the end of the seventeenth century.

During the whole of the sixteenth century the municipal bodies in the districts inhabited by Cagots, continued to pass severe laws against them, forbidding them, under any pretence, to mix with people of pure blood, to buy at their markets, to enter taverns or the shops of butchers and others, or to possess any kind of arms except the implements necessary for their ordinary occupation of carpenters. In Condom (Gers) and other towns it was ordered, that all meat seized at the butchers because it was corrupted or rotten, or because it came from beasts which had died of disease, or

confiscated for any other similar cause, should be given to the Cagots.* They were directed to bear on some conspicuous part of their persons a red mark in the form of a duck's foot; and their residences were ordered to be separate and at some distance from those of other people. In the earlier part of the seventeenth century, the inhabitants of Oloron complained, as of an intolerable grievance, that some Cagots of that place had presumed to keep pigeons, which, leaving their homes in search of food, mixed with the pigeons of their neighbors; and, at another place, a Cagot was punished for having been found fishing with a line in a river.

An attempt was made, early in the seventeenth century, by some members of the medical faculty, to destroy the prejudices against the Cagots. A commission, which was appointed to examine a certain number of individuals, reported that they were perfectly healthy, and free from all tendency to leprosy or to any other peculiar disease. It was not, however, till near the end of the century, that the local parliaments began to take up the cause of these unfortunate people, and by various judgments and *arrêts* seek to place them on a level with the rest of the population, and secure them the enjoyment of the same civil rights. The enforcing of these decrees, in many places, produced riots and litigation, and they were long executed only in a partial manner. The prejudice against the Cagots was too deeply rooted to be suddenly eradicated; but from this time intermarriages began to be more frequent, and, in some places, all traces of the original caste of the families, who had thus been admitted into society, became lost after a generation or two. M. Michel has given a number of curious reports of suits carried on during the last century between Cagots claiming civil rights and the municipalities which refused them, in which judgment was always given in favor of the former. A bishop of Tarbes, M. de Romaine, an enlightened prelate, who died in 1768, went so far as to admit several individuals of Cagot origin to the priesthood; as, in the Brazils, there are now negro priests. This was the first instance of such liberality on the part of the clergy. Much repugnance, however, was still shown, both by the clergy and by the laity, to carrying out the new spirit of the law in this respect, until all distinction between the races in France was finally levelled in the convulsions of the revolution of 1792. The Cagots (*Agotes*) of Spain, less fortunate than their brethren in France, were not acknowledged by the law until 1817; and at a much later period their claims to exemption from their old disabilities have been obstinately disputed. In the August of 1840, Pedro Antonio Videgain, a Cagot of Bozate, and his wife, Catalina Josefa Zaldúa, were obliged to proceed against the inhabitants of Arizcun before the ecclesiastical tribunal of Pampeluna, to obtain admission to a full and equal participation in the

ceremonies of the church, which had been refused them on account of their caste. At the end of September, 1842, judgment was given in favor of the Cagots. Their adversaries immediately appealed to the tribunal of the Bishop of Calahorra, when they were again defeated; and, on the 13th of March, 1843, the notaries of the latter court signified officially to the curé of Arizcun the final sentence, confirming the previous one, of the ecclesiastical court of Pampeluna.

M. Michel's two curious volumes must be considered rather as a collection of facts and materials, than as a history; and he certainly deserves great praise for the zeal and industry he has employed in his researches. It appears that he visited some of the districts inhabited by this singular race of people, both in France and Spain; and he established an extensive correspondence with persons capable of furnishing the necessary information in those districts in which he was unable to pursue his researches in person. In the first volume he has printed in full the opinions, generally hasty and injudicious ones, expressed by former writers on the origin of the Cagots, with a few other matters, which tend rather to embarrass than to enlighten the subject, and which, therefore, we think, might conveniently have been dispensed with; but he has made full amends by the publication of a mass of facts, gathered on the spot, relating to every town or village where the existence of Cagots can be traced. The remarkable coincidence in the information, gathered even in the most distant localities, tends strongly to establish a unity of race in the Cagot population throughout the whole extent of country in which they have been traced. The second volume of the work before us consists almost entirely of documents, of which not the least curious are the popular ballads relating to the Cagots, or current among them, written in the different dialects known as Béarnais, Gascon, Basque, and Breton, also collected on the spot, and which he has accompanied with translations in modern French. They are not numerous, and some of them are mere fragments; but they consist of burlesques on Cagot marriages, several satirical pieces on the origin and position of the Cagots, and a few others breathing the hostile feeling between the two races, as it was fanned into a flame in the struggle for equality in the last century. We remark in our author a tendency to ascribe too great an antiquity to some of these pieces. In our opinion they were all composed subsequently to the interference of the parliaments to raise the Cagots to civil rights; and their original object appears to have been, as party songs, to keep up and perpetuate the old prejudices against them.

A question remains, on which future researches may probably throw some light—whether this caste was, in the middle ages, confined to the districts we have been describing, or whether it may have been spread through other parts of Europe. No distinct traces of such a caste have yet been noticed in England, although the names of several low classes of society, of the exact character of which

* This would seem to indicate, at an early period, a resemblance in one respect to the Pariahs of India, who are said to prefer meat of this unwholesome description.

we are ignorant, occur in early records. We have also an impression that in some of our older churches, small doors are met with, the exact use of which is not very well accounted for. Considering what we have been describing in France, it may, perhaps, be worth inquiring whether such doors may not have been made for the purpose of admitting persons of a despised class of society, who were not allowed to mix with the rest of the congregation. We have, unfortunately, hardly any municipal records of the period when we could hope for any information from them on this subject. M. Michel has pointed out a few isolated examples of proscribed classes in other parts of Europe, to which he has devoted the first chapters of his second volume. But in general they hardly seem to fall under the same category as the Cagots of France and Spain. A monastic writer of the eleventh century, Peter de Maillezais, (*Petrus de Mailleaco*), mentions, under the name of *Colliberts*,* a race of people inhabiting in his time the marsh lands of Lower Poitou, which had been almost extirpated by the Normans, and which seems to have been closely analogous to our Cagots; this writer informs us that the *Colliberts* of his time offered a sort of superstitious worship to the rain, and that they gained their living by fishing.

So much for this humbled class; for an account of whom and of the nature of their proscription, we are indebted to M. Michel. They appear to be a historical puzzle, as the gypsies were once supposed to be—and most probably belong to some unfortunate historical antecedent. But all that we can now learn of them is on too small and obscure a scale to entitle them to any distinguished place in the gloomy annals of proscribed races. Those annals are a terrible testimony against humanity. For, among all the injuries done by man to man, none have been so fruitful of lasting evil as the antipathy of castes in whatever form—whether representing the hateful distinctions of fanaticism and superstition, or the oppressive domination of a conqueror, or the vulgar insolence of mere diversity of race and color.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Life of William Allen, with Selections from his Correspondence.* 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1846-7.
2. *Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry, with Extracts from her Journals and Letters.* Edited by two of her Daughters. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1847.
3. *Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry; with a Biographical Sketch of her Brother J. J. Gurney, Esq.* By the Rev. THOMAS TIMPSON. 12mo. London, 1847.

GEORGE FOX, the founder of the society of Friends, tells us, in his homely way, that his first

* Quod a majoribus *Collibertorum* vocabulum contraxerat. The meaning of the word *Collibertus* is perfectly well known; and, besides that it does not describe a class like the Cagots, or like those described by Peter de Maillezais, it has nothing to do with worshipping rain, or with fishing; from which, he informs us, different people derived the name of the people he describes. We may almost conjecture that an error of the scribes has

interview with Oliver Cromwell, who was then protector and lived at Whitehall, was interrupted by "people coming in." The Quaker patriarch drew back, and was about to retire. Oliver caught him by the hand, and, with tears in his eyes, said, "Come again to my house; for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other." The moral of this invitation applies to all of us. It is pleasant to think how much "an hour of a day together" would do towards bringing people nearer, however opposite their characters, provided only they agree in meaning well. The misfortune is, we do not give each other the opportunity; neither did Cromwell. His friends, the Independents, fixed upon Fox's followers the scoffing term of Quakers, in ridicule of their tremblings under the power of God. In course of time Cromwell took up the same light tone towards Fox himself; with the addition of so much jealousy or alarm, that on Richard Cromwell's deposition, 700 Quakers were found in prison for contempt—whom, under the declaration of Breda, Charles II. had the credit afterwards of setting free.

An hour a day, however, with the merry monarch, might not, probably, have answered long. In the honeymoon of his return, an order for granting them liberty of worship is said to have been issued, and to have only wanted signing, when the insurrection of the Fifth Monarchy men involved the Quakers and all other separatists in a common persecution.

Within two years of the restoration of the Stuarts, "more than 4200 of those called Quakers, men and women, are reported to be in prison in England;" and Richard Hubberthorn, to whom the king at a singular and loving interview had promised on the word of a king, that the Friends should not suffer for their opinions, had himself died of a Newgate fever. James II. commended his scheme for the restoration of popery under the cover of universal toleration. Of this specious benefit the Quakers would have been certain to have their share, were it only out of compliment to Penn. Their goods were no longer to be seized. A Quaker countryman was good-humoredly allowed to stand uncovered in the royal presence. But, the body at large were far too wise to be deceived by these appearances; accordingly, Sewell, their historian, has justly postponed the date of their emancipation to the revolution of 1688, and to the enlightened principles which our great deliverer brought over with him. "This was a work reserved for that great prince King William, who, being born in a country where force upon conscience was abrogated, when a Protestant government was settled there, now also, according to his ability, introduced the like Christian liberty in England."

George Fox had been brought up half shoemaker, half shepherd. Born in Italy, he would have founded an order, and been canonized into a saint. Born in England and in a religious age, he did introduce into the MS. a word with which their ears were familiar, in place of the true name of the fisher-caste of the Pictavian marshes.

nearly the same thing, when he founded the society of Friends, and settled their tenets, meetings, ministries, and even form of speech. The difference between Fox and Muggleton, whom Penn called "the sorcerer of our days," and to whom the scoffers delighted to compare him, may be judged of by the difference between Quakers and Muggletonians. In 1643, being then about nineteen years old, Fox went forth, "at the command of God, over the north of England, leaving his relations, and breaking off all familiarity with young or old." By the time he died, or 1690, his followers had become a people. Of these fifty years he has left in his journal a remarkable memorial. Mackintosh calls it "one of the most extraordinary and instructive narratives in the world." It is, indeed, an instructive warning, how far extravagance and persecution may provoke and inflame each other, as well as an interesting picture of many foibles nobly redeemed by many and greater virtues. The prominent place occupied by biography, within the narrow pale of Quaker literature, is probably owing to the example of their founder. This is a great advantage, for all who wish to know them in the successive phases through which their community has passed. Since, every generation has had its biographical representative, with whom we may be "an hour of a day together," and find whether there are any, and what points, in which we are likely to be drawn nearer.

The persecution, under which the Quakers suffered for a season, was almost as fierce as that of the Jews in the middle ages. The spirit of Fox had been moved by it against Cromwell, even unto predicting his political downfall, in punishment of his apostasy from his great original protectorate—that of the rights of conscience. On the coming up of Monk, he broke out into a song of exultation and reproach: and, while recording the execution of the regicides, he triumphantly declares that there was a secret hand in bringing this day upon that hypocritical generation of professors. As late as 1676, in "a narrative of the spreading of the truth, and of the opposition from the powers which then were," we find him still exclaiming:—

Oh! the number of sufferers in the commonwealth's, and Oliver Cromwell's days, and since; especially those who were haled before the courts for not paying tithes, refusing to swear on their juries, not putting off their hats, and for going to meeting on the first days, (under pretence of breaking the Sabbath,) and to meetings on other days of the week; who were abused both in meetings, and on the highways. Oh! how great were the sufferings we then sustained upon these accounts! For sometimes they would drive Friends by droves into the prison-houses like penfolds, confine them on the first days, and take their horses from them; and keep them for pretended breach of the Sabbath, though they would ride in their coaches, and upon their fat horses to the steeple-houses themselves, and yet punish others. And many Friends were turned out of their copyholds, and customary tene-ments, because, in obedience to the command of Christ and his apostles, they could not swear; and

as they went out to meetings they have been stoned through the streets, and otherwise cruelly abused.

The universities were no better mannered than other places. Fox could scarcely make his way through Cambridge, he says, in 1665. Miners, colliers, and carters, could never be ruder than the scholars. They unhorsed Amos Stoddart; but Fox himself "rode through them in the Lord's power." * * They knew I was so against the trade of preaching, which they were there as apprentices to learn, that they raged as bad as ever did Diana's craftsmen against Paul."

On the other hand, (without counting counsels and imaginations as wild as those of James Nayler and others, whom they disowned,) the extravagances which they were proud of went lengths, from which it would seem that, for a time, oppression, falling on enthusiastic tempers, had driven them mad. Their doctrine of the inward light—to a certain extent so true—was abused into a scorn of human means, and of the proprieties and even decencies of life. "As George Fox was walking in a field on a first day morning, it was discovered to his understanding, that *to be bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not enough to make a man to be a minister of Christ.*" So far we are quite agreed. The self-same verity has been revealed to us also. But, why rush into the opposite extreme, and assume that human learning must extinguish gospel light? In his old age, he wrote a paper, beginning with, *Righteous Abel was a shepherd*—"to show, by instances taken out of the Holy Scriptures, that many of the holy men and prophets of God and of the apostles of Christ, were husbandmen and tradesmen, by which people might see how unlike to them the world's teachers now are." In one sense, they were in the right to be afraid of learning. Learning is not friendly to enthusiasm: and it was enthusiasm which at the setting out of Quakerism, had brought together its first disciples, "young country lads, for the most part mean as to the outward, and very fit to be despised everywhere by the wisdom of man." Their enthusiasm did not trouble itself "to answer or satisfy the reasoning part of man." Its power was manifested in passionate conviction, in quaking and trembling, in terrible possessions and transporting joys. Barclay, though bred a scholar, was of a nature to be subdued by it: "being thereof in part a true witness (he says:) convinced not by strength of arguments, but, when I came into the silent assemblies of God's people, I felt a secret power among them, which touched my heart."

The Quakers did well to prove from the beginning, by their perseverance, what mighty things perseverance even in passive resistance could accomplish: "The governor of Dover Castle, when the king asked him if he had dispersed all the secretaries' meetings, said he had; but, the Quakers, the devil himself could not; for if he did imprison them, and break up their meetings, they would meet again; and if he should beat them, or knock them down, or kill some of them

all was one, they would meet, and not resist again." But they did not do well to put on the authority of prophets, to take their imaginations for judgments, and make their appearance in prophetic dress or undress, within the steeple-houses of Episcopalians and Presbyterians to the terror and scandal of more formal worshippers. We had opened Fox's Journal for a few examples; and have closed it again, fearing, if we once began, we should not know where to stop.

We will only trust ourselves with a single extract. There is nothing more surprising in this strange diary than the quiet matter-of-fact air, with which the most extraordinary circumstances are related. The entry of the fire of London (1666) is sufficiently characteristic of the whole.

The very next day after my release, the fire broke out in London, and the report of it came quickly down into the country. Then I saw the Lord God was true and just in his word, which he had showed me before in Lancaster gaol, when I saw the angel of the Lord with a glittering drawn sword southward. The people of London were forewarned of this fire: yet few laid it to heart or believed it; but rather grew more wicked, and higher in pride. A Friend was moved to come out of Huntingdonshire a little before the fire, and to scatter his money up and down the streets, turn his horse loose, untie the knees of his breeches, and let his stockings fall down, and to unbutton his doublet, and tell the people, "So should they run up and down, scattering their money and goods, half undressed, like mad people, as he was a sign to them;" which they did, when the city was burning. Thus hath the Lord exercised his prophets and servants by his power, showed them signs of his judgments, and sent them to forewarn the people: but, instead of repenting, they have beaten and cruelly entreated some, and some they have imprisoned, both in the former power's days and since. But, the Lord is just, and happy are they that obey his word. Some have been moved to go naked in their streets, in the other power's days, and since, as signs of their nakedness; and have declared amongst them, that God would strip them of their hypocritical professions, and make them as bare naked as they were. But, instead of considering it, they have frequently whipped or otherwise abused them. * * * But oh! the body of darkness that rose against the truth in them that made lies their refuge! But the Lord swept them away; and in and with his power, truth, life, and light, hedged his lambs about and preserved them as on eagles' wings.

The abrogation of the penal laws against them effectually repressed this irregular enthusiasm. Permitted to assemble together after their own fashion, they no longer molested the public worship of other people; and when, in 1695, a Quaker affirmation was accepted in place of an oath, old Quakerism, that is, fanatical, turbulent Quakerism, received its death wound. Since that time the genius of their community has gradually changed; not that we are willing to accept the invidious line of Pope—"The Quaker sly and Presbyterian sour"—as a more just description of the one persuasion than the other. But, externally, their sect has in one particular remained the same, or nearly so; and in so doing has become more and more

severed from the surrounding world. The plain dress, which originally was the general costume of simple people, and had nothing in it of singularity, was soon left behind by ever changing fashion, until it has long become an outward badge, a bond and shackle upon a people who profess to be emancipated from all forms. In their adherence to a costume not merely plain but obsolete, Fox's successors have probably acted as their founder would not have done; for although he clothed himself "from top to toe" in complete leather, and boasts how dreadful a thing it was to the professing priests to hear, "the man in the leathern breeches is come," yet he never insisted upon any of his converts following his example. The Lord had forbade him to put off his hat, or scrape with his leg or bow to any one, or to bid people *Good Evening or Good Morrow*, and had required of him to *Thou and Thee* every man without distinction; but there was no command concerning dress, nor even expressly concerning arms.* However, if the Quaker has been going further from us in his outer man, we believe that in the inner man as well as in his general conduct, he has been certainly approaching nearer. This is true of all the internal changes which a century and a half have introduced into the society, and especially of the new direction which has been given to that manful energy which carried the infant sect through its first sharp struggle for existence. At the first, after the secular arm had been withdrawn, they wasted, for a space, a good deal of valuable time and temper in polemics. Pryane, Bunyan, Fuldo, Charles Leslie, Bennet, and many less important combatants, entered the lists against them, and were met by Ellwood, reader to Milton in his blindness, and the original editor of *George Fox's Journal*; Penn of Pennsylvania; Whitehead, Fox's great coadjutor; Burroughs the Quaker Boanerges, and other doughty champions. The spirit of Rabshakeh too often presided over the contention. Uncouth outbreaks of vulgar fanaticism were hastily denounced as blasphemous. In one and the same breath they are described as the "spawn of Romish frogs," as some ancient heresy sown among

* Quakers continued in Cromwell's army till 1654, when some of them were disbanded for refusing the oath of fidelity. Concerning others, in a letter to the council of officers of the army in 1659, Fox complains, "that many valiant captains and soldiers have been put out of the army (by sea and land) of whom it hath been said among you, that they had rather have had one of them, than seven men, and could have turned one of them to seven men, who, because of their faithfulness to the Lord God, it may be for saying *thou* to a particular and for wearing their hats, have been turned out from amongst you." This was a year of "much plotting by the several factions." Fox saw no great difference between them; and, on being invited by the committee of safety to take up arms, it came upon him from the Lord (apparently for the first time) to warn his people against siding with either of the powers, who had both turned against the just, and whom, therefore, "the just set one against another * * * lest any go out and fall with the uncircumcised." As he could truly say "that he had never learned any war postures" himself, he might feel justified in presenting to the king, only a few months afterwards, a renunciation of all wars and fightings on the part of the "innocent, harmless people of God called Quakers," and in declaring that such had been both their principle and practice from the beginning.

the ignorant and deluded mob by the accursed policy of the Jesuits; and, as being also ranters under another name, as a monster growth of the Anabaptists and the Family of Love, as being "no Christians," nay, "worse than deists." Bennet, although condescending to reply to their doctrines, still hankered, as late as 1705, after the old orthodox manner of refutation; and declared that all sober persons thought that many of the Quakers "ought to be rather burnt than confuted." Leslie could not comprehend how the republication of Fox's Journal should be permitted. Meanwhile, Leslie himself was not content to take with them the short and easy method, which he supposed to be sufficient for Jews and Deists. In the late Oxford edition of his theological works, we see that out of seven volumes, no less than four are given up, however contumeliously, to Quaker controversy—on which, he has the gracelessness to say, he entered "wholly for the love of souls."

The sect profited greatly by these assaults. They were taught, in some degree, the value of human learning, and the theological tendencies of their own wild utterances. They no longer presumed to exclaim with Fox, "All languages are to me no more than dust: who was before languages were." Their unlettered champions had covered their cause with ridicule; but in Barclay's "Apology," they possess a calm, scholar-like defence of their peculiarities, which has ever been treated with respect. Leslie, as it suits his argument, supposes Penn and Barclay to have reformed and civilized the Quaker faith, until it made under their hands nearer advances to Christianity than it had ever made before; or asserts, as Wesley afterwards asserted, in 1782, that they had merely pursued the course of advocates with a bad cause, refining some of the gross notions entertained at the beginning, and putting the most Christian gloss upon them that they could. Into this question we need not enter. The Quakers profess to hold by their first apostles. This is true. But their ecstatic years are over; their age of signs and miracles; their period of insisting on the holy duty of quaking, or of prophesying* naked in our streets; and, without examining strictly into the orthodoxy of this or that debated tenet, we are satisfied that their advances towards Christianity are by this time generally allowed to be of the most substantial kind—manifesting a *power* of a higher order than even that which touched the heart of Barclay.

Having escaped the perils of these unfriendly conflicts, the Quakers wisely set themselves to prove that they were Christians (for that had been the gist of the dispute) by the more generous competition of Christian life and Christian charity. Justly as the conduct of Penn, during the reign of

James II., exposed him to suspicion, both within and beyond the Quaker pale, he exhibited in his dominions on the western continent a model of benevolent government founded upon the principles of his sect; and in the same spirit of adherence to the duties imposed by the self-designation of Friends, and of conformity with the spirit of their founder, they have ever since devoted themselves to the support, and in some instances even to the working out, of great measures of practical philanthropy.

With affectionate zeal for the honor of their founder, the Quakers have diligently culled from his writings passages which indicate that he had some forethought of their benevolent course. They place him before us, as "suffering in spirit" on account of the sanguinary character of our penal code, and appealing to persons in authority against the outrage of "putting to death for small matters." Urged on by the observations forced upon him during his hard experience, he proclaimed what a hurtful thing it was for prisoners to be long in gaol, and how they learned wickedness one of another. He promoted the establishment of schools for the teaching of "whatsoever was civil and useful in the creation." He wrote to Friends throughout the nation, about putting out poor children to trades. He protested manfully and humanely against the wickedness of the Cornish wreckers. Above all things he charged the holders of negroes to train them up in the fear of God, to deal mildly and gently with them, and after certain years of servitude to set them free. It is in the spirit of these benevolent injunctions, that modern Quakers have generally been found to walk; and, in reference to the last of them, it is universally known how distinguished has been their course. As early as 1727 the yearly meeting of Quakers in London solemnly condemned the importation of negroes. Within a few years afterwards, John Woolman, an American Quaker, published those treatises against negro slavery which captivated the gentle Elia. In due time followed Anthony Benezet, more active and more zealous than Woolman, but not more wise: and the same cause never afterwards lacked Quaker advocacy or Quaker support, in every way in which either of them could be applied. We cannot attempt to follow the stream of Quaker benevolence during the eighteenth century. Much of it was medical, witness Fothergill and Lettsom. In one department, that of education, they were soon ahead. We do not mean learning in its higher branches—the Society of Friends can boast of few philosophers, and fewer poets—but a simple, drab-colored, working education within the reach of all. "It would be difficult to find one Quaker," (we quote from the Independent Whig of 1720,) "that cannot read, unless he has been educated and bred up in the church, and become a convert to Quakerism. Whereas, I will venture to affirm that half the common people of the church, especially in the country, cannot read a word." Ackworth and other educational establishments are evidence of their zeal for the instruc-

* Fox's Journal, 336. (A. D., 1666.) Leslie's Theological Works, iv. 314. "There is not a year, hardly a month, wherein some Quaker or other is not going about our streets, here in London, either naked, or in some exotic figure, denouncing woes, judgments, plagues, fire, sword, and famine." (*The Snake in the Grass*, A. D., 1696. See v. 40, a catalogue of these nudities.)

tion of youth. The century closed with the erection of the Retreat at York, in which the Quakers were the first persons in England to adopt a rational treatment of the insane. The two biographies, now before us, will enable us to follow the track of their benevolence up to the present time.

William Allen and Elizabeth Fry ran a considerable portion of their earthly career together. Both were descended from old Quaker families. The former, born in 1770, was the eldest son of an undistinguished silk manufacturer in Spitalfields; the latter, born ten years later, was the third daughter of John Gurney, of Earham in Norfolk, a younger son of an ancient house. The Gurneys had been Quakers for four generations; and on her mother's side she was descended from Barclay of Ury, the author of "The Apology."

Descents so different and residences far asunder kept William Allen and Elizabeth Fry apart during their early years. From his youth he was remarkable for his activity, and for a fondness for scientific inquiries, principally those connected with chemistry and astronomy. At the age of fourteen, he constructed a telescope for himself, through which he could make observations upon the satellites of Jupiter. His parents were plain, serious people, who made religion attractive to him; and in long after years, Allen's heart was moved and his eyes filled with tears, as he repeated some of the simple lines of Bishop Ken's evening hymn, which had been a portion of the early instruction of a beloved mother and a worthy schoolmistress. After a slight elementary initiation into the first rudiments of learning, he was transferred from a boarding-school to his father's manufactory. But silks and sarcenets, ribbons and gown-pieces, had no charm for the would-be chemist and astronomer. A way was soon opened for the indulgence of his taste. Joseph Gurney Bevan, a cousin of Mrs. Fry's, a well-known Quaker minister, author, and philanthropist, was a practical chemist, and kept a shop in Plough Court, Gracechurch street. The boy Allen came under his notice; he took him into his employment, fostered the development of his talents, and aided him in his endeavors to repair the want of a more liberal education. Time strengthened the bonds which united them; J. G. Bevan soon admitted Allen to a share in his business, and ultimately gave up the whole of it to Allen and Luke Howard. It was well established and lucrative. Allen's acquirements gave it more extensive usefulness, and it repaid him with considerable wealth. Such is an outline of his life as a tradesman. It was serviceable and creditable; but the praise which belongs to it is but a small item in his history. Whilst working his way up to commercial importance, he was strenuously educating himself for higher efforts. We find him studying Latin, French, German, drawing, short-hand, botany, and various branches of mathematics; sometimes under masters, sometimes alone. By entering as a pupil at Guy's and St. Thomas' hospitals, he acquired a competent knowledge of medicine and surgery. He was an

active member of several medical societies, and took a leading part in the institution and management of the London Pharmaceutical Society, of which he was president up to his death, and of the Askesian Society, an association for mutual improvement in philosophical studies, which met at his house in Plough Court. Before this last society, he first began to lecture upon chemistry and experimental philosophy. In 1802, on the solicitation of Dr. Babington and Astley Cooper, he undertook the office of lecturer upon these subjects at Guy's Hospital, and continued to hold it for five-and-twenty years. He delivered, also, several courses of the same lectures at the Royal Institution, and in many other places; and always with great success. In 1807, he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society. The "Philosophical Transactions" contain an ample vindication of his election in his valuable papers upon the effects of respiration on atmospheric air, and the proportion of carbon in carbonic acid, which were illustrated by a variety of chemical experiments, conducted by himself and his friend, Mr. W. H. Pepys. He himself experimentally tested all the chemical improvements and discoveries of his time; was among the first to welcome the discoveries of Davy; and was one of the founders of the British Mineralogical Society, and afterwards of the London Geological Society. During all this time he retained his early passion for astronomy; and erected an observatory on his residence at Stoke Newington, where, at the close of many a weary day, his toils were forgotten in the details of this delightful science. These occupations led him to prepare, "for his own amusement, tables of the right ascension and declination of the stars from the first to the fourth magnitude, with the places of some of the most interesting double stars." They were found so useful, that he was induced to publish them in 1815, under the title of "A Companion to the Transit Instrument;" the variations in right ascension and declination being given to the end of 1814. From these few facts, we may acquire a notion of his industry as a man of science.

But Allen is principally known in another character, and one more nearly connected with our present purpose—that of a philanthropist. The great cause of the abolition of the slave-trade was the first which called him forth; and ardently and laboriously did he exert himself in its behalf. He was a member, although not an original one, of Clarkson's committee; the two were soon bosom friends, Allen's house became Clarkson's London home, and they worked together. The scarcity of provisions at the close of the last century directed Allen's attention to the condition of the poor, especially in the neighborhood of Spitalfields. In conjunction with William Phillips, Allen called a meeting at the house of another Friend. Twenty persons attended; and thus was instituted the first society for providing soup and other cheap food in a time of distress. The machinery seems to have been principally settled by Allen, who wisely sought to unite with the sale of food the visiting

the poor at their own homes; but he was outvoted. In 1807, Allen assisted in the formation of the institution for promoting the civilization of Africa. He was one of its first directors, and devoted to it a large portion of his time. In the year following, he joined the little band, who met at Mr. Basil Montagu's chambers, in Lincoln's Inn, to found a society for the mitigation of capital punishments; and he exerted himself on several occasions to obtain remissions of the cruel sentences, then but too common. In one instance, he mentions his having been successful through the intervention of "Friend Inglis," a disguise, in which those who know him, will not fail to recognize the honorable member for the university of Oxford. In 1810, Allen instituted a periodical publication, called "The Philanthropist," intended to stimulate the active benevolence of the public, by pointing out to new beginners the right way of doing good. He wrote several papers in it. In 1812, the general distress led not only to the reorganization of the Spitalfield Association, but to the formation of a general society for the relief of the laboring and manufacturing poor. To both of these bodies Allen was a guiding spirit, visiting applicants for relief at their homes, digesting the information contained in the multifarious correspondence of the general society; cramming royal dukes for speeches at public meetings: and ever ready—not merely to assist with heart, hand, and purse in raising the starving poor over their temporary difficulties by temporary aid, but—to devote day and night to the acquisition of that intimate acquaintance with their ordinary state, on the bettering of which their permanent welfare must depend. In the same year, he took an active share in the erection and management of the London Auxiliary Bible Society, and the year afterwards in the formation of another for the same object in the north-east of London, and also of a Friends' Tract Society. In 1815, two societies, one for the diffusion of Christian sentiments on the subject of war, the other for the repression and reformation of the bands of youthful thieves who then abounded in the metropolis, appear prominently among his most anxious thoughts. After that time he is to be traced in savings banks, friendly societies, and, above all, district visiting societies; by the general establishment of which the actual condition of the poor would, he thought, be really ascertained, while from the pains taken in the inquiries they would also be made sensible that they were really cared for, and be effectually encouraged to coöperate for their own improvement. But the question, which occupied the greatest share of his attention, from the year 1808 up to his death, was the Lancastrian system of education, which ultimately led to the British and Foreign School Society. A volume would scarcely suffice to detail the troubles in which he himself and several of his friends became involved by their generous interference in the affairs of Lancaster; but no difficulties could withstand the energy and steadiness of Allen. He continued treasurer of the School Society from its institution

to his death, and lived to transplant its principles into most of the countries of Europe.* Another benevolent enterprise, in which he had his share, was that of Robert Owen, of Lanark. In 1813, before the peculiar opinions of Robert Owen were developed, perhaps we ought to say, declared, he united with Owen, Joseph Fox, Alderman Gibbs, and Mr. John Walker, in the purchase of the Lanark Mills. It was a partnership, in entering into which Allen had no other motive than a wish to support what appeared to him to promise well for the comfort and welfare of a large body of work-people, but it occasioned him great anxiety. General opinion soon fixed upon Owen the charge of converting Lanark into "a manufactory of infidels." Nothing could possibly be more abhorrent to the mind and views of Allen. He investigated the subject upon the spot, addressed the people clearly and forcibly in opposition to Owen's views, insisted upon an open recognition of Christianity in the appointment of a schoolmaster and the adoption of a certain system of education; and, finally, when he found all his efforts unavailing, he dissolved the partnership and withdrew.

Many other benevolent designs were indebted to Allen for invaluable assistance; but those which we have mentioned are sufficient to show that his life may in truth be turned to as to an index of the philanthropy of the age. No scheme, by whomsoever started, if it were but founded upon liberal and unsectarian principles, and could be shown to hold out a prospect of benefiting mankind, lacked his support—and, through him, the support of the Society of Friends. At his back there always followed the Foxes, Phillipses, Gurneys, Howards, Frys, Barclays, and other well-known Quaker names; whose numbers made Allen's own character and resources only a portion of the aid which flowed in on his accession to any cause. It is too much to say *ex uno disce omnes*: but it is only justice to conclude, from the support they rendered him, that the spirit of Allen so far animated even the mass, as to become the noble characteristic of the society at large.

And now, having accompanied our Quaker tradesman, chemist, and philanthropist about half way through his peaceable crusade against vice and misery, it is time to be thinking of the Quaker gentlewoman, whose name he would rejoice to find we were associating with his own. Deprived of her mother by death, when in her twelfth year, Elizabeth Gurney and her six sisters were left by a trusting and indulgent father pretty much to their own guidance. He was by no means a strict Quaker, and the young ladies naturally outstepped even the wide and yielding boundaries, within which he thought it proper himself to walk. Their joyous hearts found gratification in many mirthful

* Allen's interference in the affairs of Lancaster brought him into connection with the late Duke of Kent, who thought so highly of his judgment and clear business-like habits, that he made use of his advice in reference to his own affairs, and admitted him into very familiar confidence. Upon the death of the duke, Allen administered to his estate.

things, which were never dreamt of in George Fox's philosophy, and are sternly forbidden in that of his successors. They danced, and sang, and delighted to set off tall graceful figures in becoming dresses; nor did they ever object to "rain bright influence" upon other eyes than those of plain and solid Friends. Any gayety which disturbed the accustomed placidity of Norfolk, was sure to arouse the dwellers at Earlham. The arrival of a regiment of cavalry put Miss Elizabeth into what she terms "a fly-away state;" she became idle, flirting, vain, and found amusement even in novels and scandal; a regimental band "made her feel almost beside herself;" and a royal duke was more than her susceptibility could bear. At the age of seventeen she visited London in the height of the season. She went everywhere and saw everything, from Shakspeare to the musical glasses. Drury Lane and Covent Garden spread their magic mirrors before her. Hamlet and Bluebeard, the Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Decamp, and Banister, dazzled and fascinated her. With great begging, Uncle Barclay took her to the opera. Then comes a merry day with Peter Pindar; and quiet days, on which she had lessons in dancing; and morning visits to Mrs. Inchbald and Amelia Opie; and her hair was dressed *à la mode*, which at first made her feel "like a monkey," but after the lapse of a month, and when she had mustered courage to be "painted a little," she thought that that dressing of the hair "did look pretty for her." The two things in which she owns having special pleasure were scandal and grand company. The former might be had everywhere and at all times; at Earlham and in London—it never failed; but the grand company—this was the attraction of the metropolis. At an opera concert, she makes us her confidantes, so far as to inform us, that "the Prince of Wales was there; and I must say, I felt more pleasure in looking at him than in seeing the rest of the company or hearing the music. I did nothing but admire his royal highness; but I had a very pleasant evening indeed."

In the midst of all this frivolous and dissipating gayety, a great change was coming on. Whilst everything seemed most gorgeous, and the bright beams of earthly splendor shone around her in their treacherous magnificence, the grey twilight of sober Quakerism was softly stealing over her mind. On Sunday the 4th February, 1798, an American Friend, named William Savery, who was travelling in England upon a religious mission, attended at the Friends' meeting house in Norwich. The seven Earlham ladies were there; they never missed the excitement occasioned by the presence of strangers. The assembly consisted of about two hundred persons. As Savery cast his eyes around the little meeting, its appearance pained his heart. It was the gayest company of Quakers he had ever seen. Gone were all the plainness and gravity of the ancient Friend. Wealth and luxury, the pride of life, and the allurements of the world, had evidently prevailed over the self-deny-

ing rule of their first founders. As his eye passed from bench to bench, he no doubt observed the seven Earlham sisters, seated conspicuously in a row, under the gallery. One of them, Miss Elizabeth, was not only restless, as she always was at meeting—she wooed all eyes by the smartness of her boots. They were purple, laced with scarlet. Well might the mind of the pastor be stirred within him. He sat long in silence, brooding mournfully in the felt stillness of a Quakers' meeting: and when at last he rose, it was not to threaten, or denounce, but to give a faint and trembling testimony, under a sorrow almost too deep for words. What could he do but weep, who found in this, the very holy place of his sober faith, not the ark and the cherubim, the ancient symbols of their quiet unpretending worship, but the rags and relics of an abhorred and abhorring world! In tones of grief and tribulation he poured forth his lamentation for the loss of the pleasant things of the days of old, and many a heart was softened by the music of his melancholy voice. To Miss Elizabeth the scene was something new. It is a significant token of the character of the Norwich Friends of that day, and of the depth of degradation into which the ministry among them had fallen, that awe-struck, wounded to the quick, as she describes herself to have been, her first feeling was one of surprise that such an impression should have been produced on her by "a plain Quaker!" But the arrow had pierced too deep to be slighted. Torrents of tears astonished her relatives. She sought out the preacher. He was invited to Earlham. She sat like Mary at his feet, listening in wrapt wonder to the man who had first made her "feel that there was a God," and who now, in the bold spirit of a prophet of old, foretold the future eminence in the church of the clever, warm-hearted girl who appeared before him, drowned in almost the sorrow of a Magdalene. For a time, the contest was doubtful. She would go into Norwich, "full of heaven;" but, if it chanced that she met an officer who looked at her with apparent admiration, she returned home, as "full of the world" as ever. In the midst, however, of London gayeties, Savery's prophecy haunted her; his eloquence renewed the fading impression of his first discourse; a letter or two followed, and then, farewell to purple boots and scarlet riding habits, and paint, and dressing of the hair; farewell to flirting with officers and to the delighted contemplation of grand company. The "thee" and "thou," and the plain cap, and the close neckerchief, are all adopted; her wandering thoughts are brought into subjection, and she takes her stand on that path which points to the fulfilment of Savery's prophecy. The part of the Memoir of her Life, edited by two of her daughters, which exhibits the course of this transition—the way in which she closed up her airy wings and passed, as it were, back again from the butterfly into the chrysalis—withdrawing under shelter of an earnest nature into solitary and domestic thought

and feeling—is very interesting, and it is not too long—a praise which can scarcely be awarded to some other portions of the volumes.

The change had not been long accomplished, before she received an offer of marriage from Mr. Joseph Fry, at that time “engaged in extensive business in London.” It would have been satisfactory if the chronology of this part of the narrative had been established more decidedly. The want of dates may lead some persons to suppose that Mr. Joseph Fry may possibly be entitled to some share in the credit of the revolution effected through Mr. Savery. Her marriage occasioned her removal to London, where she resided for some years in St. Mildred’s Court, in the Poultry, occupying one of those capacious old houses which are to be found in secluded parts of the city; relics of the time when the merchant did not retire after business-hours to his suburban villa. The husband’s family were strict Quakers, and besides their frequent visits to St. Mildred’s Court, the house of the young married couple was frequented, especially at the yearly meetings, by numbers of the old orthodox members of the persuasion. Grave, venerable dames, dressed up in hoods, with “camel gowns and aprons green,” and low-crowned broad beaver hats, after a fashion now forgotten, (for even Quaker costume has its fashion,) paced solemnly through Elizabeth’s drawing-room, in strong contrast to the gayer costumes and the lighter hearts to which she had been accustomed at Earlham. Quaker as she was, the change was a violent, and, for a time, a painful one. Often did her heart yearn for the fresh free air and the enjoyment of nature which she had left behind in Norfolk; and delightedly, when opportunity occurred, did she resume her place among the affectionate family at Earlham. As its members grew up, they took different paths. Some followed her example and adorned the profession of Quakerism; others united themselves to the established church; but neither change of opinion, nor lapse of time, nor separation of place, ever disunited them in heart. “Who has such brothers as I!” was Mrs. Fry’s triumphant exclamation many years after her marriage; and the memoir before us presents, in its extracts from her journals, many touching outbreaks of natural affection on the occasional reunion of this scattered fold.

Domestic ties gathered round Mrs. Fry quickly. Before the end of 1816 she was the mother of ten children, and an eleventh was added in 1822. In the mean time they had removed to a house at Plashet in Essex, which had been the residence of her husband’s father, retaining along with it the town-house in St. Mildred’s Court. Her heart, however, it appears, all along was clinging in secret to that hope of greater usefulness in the church, to which Savery had bade her look as her true calling. Such prophecies, which belong to the class that help to fulfil themselves, are common among the Quakers.* The exhibition of

“gifts” by a young disciple is sure to elicit from some one, who feels that his own course is drawing to a close, some words of encouragement, half hope, half compliment, which are received with a confidence, and remembered with a fondness, beyond what the utterer of them can have presumed upon. It is obvious from Savery’s own account that he had no faith in his prediction; but such was not the case with his young friend. A nervous, sensitive being, living among women who were highly esteemed because they were believed to be divinely moved, and led by previous circumstances to anticipate that such was to be her own experience, she early began to feel the stirring of that spirit within, which it was considered criminal to disregard. For a time a womanly timidity held her back, but a deliverance which it was honorable to make, and which she thought it her duty to make, must sooner or later force its way. Always, as we have seen, highly impressible, Mrs. Fry went into Norfolk in 1809, to attend the death-bed of her father. The occasion was a peculiarly exciting one; it was in the presence of her brothers and sisters, and over the corpse of their beloved parent, that she first poured forth her prophetic strain. It consisted of a few sentences, almost entirely taken from Holy Writ. The same words were repeated by her at the time of the interment. The whole proceeding was so much in accordance with Quaker customs and notions, that it was not at the time regarded by the rest of the family as anything singular or remarkable. But it immediately altered Mrs. Fry’s position in the society. She was no longer a mere hearer; she became a probationer for the ministry. The ice once broken, she proceeded in the natural course. Timidity wore off. She ascended from a few sentences to many, from speaking in her usual meeting house to ministering in other assemblies, from addressing her family to exercising the clerical function among strangers, and so on, step by step, until she became one of the most fluent and touching of the Quaker female ministry. Her ordinary style of address was calm and gentle, with great tenderness and an occasional solemnity, which was very striking. Her exercise of the ministry brought her into more intimate acquaintance with all the leading members of the society; and, among them, with William Allen. He notices in his Journal, with great interest, the first and second occasions of her speaking in the Grace-church street meeting, of which they were both members; and again commemorates her attendance and her speaking at a public meeting of poor persons in Spitalfields, called by the Quakers on the 31st December, 1812, at the request of Stephen Grellet, an eminent American Quaker, then in this country.

The powers which she displayed at that meeting appear to have led to her first visit to a prison

Quakers. Allen was encouraged by prophetic communications from Mary Sterry, Mary Stacy, and Sarah Lynes, three Quaker Huldahs; and Savery’s words were riveted into the mind of Mrs. Fry by another Huldah, Deborah Darly.

* There are many similar cases in the lives of the early

within the following month. Stephen Grellet and three other Quakers, William Allen being one of them, inspected the condition of the male prisoners in Newgate. The result made them anxious for similar inquiries concerning the female prisoners. The weather was inclement: the sufferings of the prisoners great. Mrs. Fry's address to the poor people in Spitalfields, "many of them women with infants in their arms," was fresh in all their memories, and they begged of her to undertake a mission, for which she had shown herself to be so well qualified. William Forster was particularly urgent with her; and after some hesitation she consented. Accompanied by Anna Buxton, a sister of her brother-in-law, Mr., afterwards Sir, Thomas Fowell Buxton, she proceeded to the prison on the 16th of February, 1813. Nearly three hundred women, with their numerous children, were crowded into four rooms comprising about one hundred and ninety superficial yards. They were all huddled together, "tried and untried, misdemeanants and felons; without classification, without employment, and with no other superintendence than that given by a man and his son, who had charge of them by night and by day. Destitute of sufficient clothing, for which there was no provision, in rags and dirt, without bedding, they slept on the floor, the boards of which were in part raised to supply a sort of pillow. In the same rooms they lived, cooked, and washed. With the proceeds of their clamorous begging when any stranger appeared among them, the prisoners purchased liquors from a regular tap in the prison. Spirits were openly drunk, and the ear was assailed by the most terrible language. Beyond that necessary for safe custody, there was little restraint over their communication with the world without."—(I. 205.) These are some of the features of the old prison system. It is well to bring them now and then before our eyes again, lest we should forget from what horrors we have been relieved; especially at a time when appearances must occasionally suggest the possibility that our eager benevolence, like the vaulting ambition of Macbeth, may "have o'erleapt itself, and fallen on the other side."

Four years elapsed between Mrs. Fry's first and second visit to these "gloomy scenes of wickedness and woe;" so slowly does the good seed germinate. They were years of much occupation and frequent sorrow; years also of great mental strengthening. The power of self-control, that inner faculty by which she was enabled to check, and guide, and regulate her emotions, was developed in them and made perfect. The last remains of youthful instability and frivolity disappeared; and when again she made her entry upon the scenes with which her name will be forever associated, it was as one "thoroughly furnished for the work in hand;" no sister of charity ever went forth to do more gently and devotedly the bidding of their common mission. There was a dignity in her quiet, simple, kindly, self-possession when among the prisoners, and at all times a holy

self-prostration before Him, whose work she believed herself to be performing. The two natures blended beautifully together for the turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, and for subduing their reckless spirits to that service which alone could set them free. The practical points of improvement which she strove to effect in prison discipline, were principally five:—
 1. The appointment of prison matrons, or female officers to have the custody of female prisoners.
 2. The confinement of women in separate prisons.
 3. The classification of prisoners by such elementary distinctions, as whether tried or untried, and according to the nature of their offences.
 4. The instruction of prisoners, principally in religion, with a view to their reformation; and,
 5. Their employment. We cannot follow her course; we cannot indicate it even in outline. It is unnecessary. The sound has gone out into all lands; to the very ends of the earth the labors of Mrs. Fry have contributed to make a prison no longer a cage for wild beasts, but a "religious place," a place of repentance and sorrow, of discipline and self-denial, and—alas, that it should be so—to thousands of our fellow-subjects, the only place in which they are ever taught their duty to God or man.

The Quakers, who had led the way in reforming our lunatic asylums, are also entitled to the whole credit of the still greater social movement, which we are now describing. The subject was kept alive in the mind of Mrs. Fry, between her first visit to Newgate and her second, by the efforts of those around her, who were engaged on kindred objects; and when her plans were matured, the Ladies Association, by means of which they were carried out, consisted of the "wife of a clergyman and eleven members of the society of Friends." All honor be to them! In well regulated prisons such voluntary efforts may be unnecessary, and even in some instances harmful; but, at the time when the association was first instituted, Newgate and the gaols throughout the kingdom were in a condition in which the interposition of such associations was peremptorily required. Nor were their merciful labors blessed only to the unhappy wretches whom they brought under the dominion of decency and order, and, in many instances, of religion. The world at large was benefited by the attention which they drew to the vast importance of the reforms which they had at heart, and by the facts and materials which they furnished to the practical legislator. Within a very few years many ladies' associations were instituted. Mrs. Fry personally inspected prisons in all parts of Great Britain, and assisted in establishing many committees for visiting female prisoners. These journeys greatly increased her own experience and knowledge, and produced several publications which tended to diffuse information and create an interest in prison discipline. It was the natural consequence of success, that the sphere of the laborers who had achieved it should enlarge on every side. No prisoner, who had been once sub-

ject to their superintendence, was allowed to be lost sight of. Whether within Newgate or without, before trial or after conviction, during the voyage, on their arrival at the penal colony, or on their return home after their discharge—all, whom they had had once in charge, were perpetual objects of anxiety to them. Every ship, carrying out female convicts, was visited and supplied with religious books. Every convict was furnished with work to be performed during the voyage, and with a variety of articles conducive to cleanliness or occupation. Successive governments were prevailed upon to secure to criminals under sentence of transportation as favorable treatment as was compatible with their situations and offences. But the appointment of matrons for convict ships, and a classification of convicts on the voyage, was more than could be accomplished. Mrs. Fry's chief associate in this part of her labors was a Quaker lady, named Pryor. Discharged prisoners, and the multitudes of vicious children who roam about the streets of London, were not left unnoticed. Miss Neave was induced, by a casual observation of Mrs. Fry's, to take the former under her charge, and Mrs. Shaw the latter. An asylum and a school of discipline were the result.

Such was the life of Mrs. Fry, in its leading and characteristic features. But wherever she went, at whatever place she might happen to reside for a few weeks, her presence was immediately visible. Brighton owed one of the earliest District Visiting Societies, established upon a comprehensive plan, to an accidental visit from her. All parties laid aside, for a while, their feuds, (for religion and even charity have their feuds,) and rallied round the Quaker lady. At this time her attention was drawn to the condition of the persons employed on the coast guard or preventive service. Stationed in dreary and almost inaccessible places; forbidden to hold communication with the inhabitants of the surrounding districts; unpopular, and harassed by nocturnal watching in all weathers and by continual affrays with smugglers, their situation, and that of their wives and children, attracted her sympathy. The number of persons who were thus cut off from all the ordinary sources of instruction were found to amount to twenty thousand. She communicated with the government in their behalf, succeeded in forming a society, raised a liberal subscription among her acquaintance, and had ultimately the satisfaction of seeing established a respectable library of useful books at every one of the 620 stations round the coast of Great Britain and Ireland. Upwards of 52,000 volumes of all kinds were distributed for this purpose. She had only to touch them with her wand, and people became aware of their deficiencies, and ashamed of their indifference. She inspired others; and many of the most useful societies scattered over the kingdom—as Visiting Societies, Friendly Societies, Servants' Homes, or the like—sprang up from her casual presence in a particular neighborhood.

We have indicated the principal home objects

to which the benevolence of modern Quakerism has been directed by William Allen, Mrs. Fry, and their allies. But their exertions were not confined to Great Britain. The foreign labors of William Allen commenced almost immediately with the peace of 1815. There are certain little settlements of Quakers, or, "persons professing with Friends," in various parts of the continent of Europe, with which it has ever been the practice of the English and American Quakers to keep up a frequent intercourse. Pyrmont, in the centre of Germany, and Congenies, in the south of France, the chief of these Quaker cities of refuge, have been visited by many of the leading Friends. George Dillwyn visited Pyrmont in 1790; John Pemberton died there in 1794; and William Savery was there in 1796. No sooner was the continent opened to Englishmen by the general peace, than the eyes of the English Quakers fondly turned towards their continental brethren. "A religious concern" for their welfare became general; and the yearly meeting of 1816 appointed William Allen to pay them a sort of official visit. He was accompanied by his wife, by Elizabeth Fry—Mrs. Fry's sister-in-law—and by several others of his personal friends. The journey was conducted after Quaker fashion, and was made conducive to many Quaker interests. Neither palaces, nor pictures, nor works of art, nor the great, nor the learned, were the chief attractions to these sober tourists. It was the gaol and the hospital, schools and charitable societies, worthy persons connected with them, or mystics—persons ordinarily held in disesteem, as righteous overmuch—that they "went out for to see." The journey was an unhappy one to poor Allen. He visited Pyrmont, and succeeded in reconciling a very unquaker-like feud, which divided its leading Friends; but at Geneva his wife was taken ill, and died. In the following year, he resumed the journey, which had been interrupted by this melancholy event. They reached Congenies; and the distant Friends, seated in that vicinity, were assisted in re-settling the discipline of their church upon the old foundation. The success of these efforts led him further a-field. In August, 1818, he set out with the American Friend, Stephen Grellet, to visit a small Quaker flock living near Stavanger, on the rocky coast of Norway; whence, having compassed the same important object as at Congenies, they went across from Christiansand to Christiania, Stockholm, Abo, and finally, to St. Petersburg. There Allen had already a friend at head-quarters. In their character of no respecters of persons, Fox and his disciples had from the first approached principalities and powers with great familiarity, and, on the other hand, had been treated with extraordinary favor by them. Some had had the boldness to try what impression could be produced upon the pope; and one female, or more, had made her way into the presence of the Grand Turk himself. But the royal intimacies of W. Allen and Mrs. Fry were better grounded. The Emperor Alexander, on his visit to London,

in 1815, had made many inquiries respecting the Quakers. He was attended by Allen to one of their meetings; and he afterwards had a long private interview with Allen and Stephen Grellet, respecting their tenets, in most of which he declared his concurrence. On his way to his place of embarkation, he visited the house of one of the Rickmans, from a desire to become acquainted with the home-economy of the sect; and, wherever he went, he expressed a wish that Quakers should establish themselves in his empire. Two years afterwards, being about to engage on some large works of drainage, in the neighborhood of St. Petersburg, the emperor directed inquiry to be made in England for a suitable manager for the work, and requested that a preference might be given to any member of the Society of Friends. The appointment was accepted by Daniel Wheeler, of Sheffield; and at the time of Allen's visit to St. Petersburg, Wheeler was settled there with his family and several other Quakers. Prince Alexander Galitzin, and his secretary Basil Papof, were warmly interested in Allen's favor through a letter from Lord Teignmouth. Thus everything was open to them. They remained four months at St. Petersburg, inspecting all the public institutions, and holding repeated conferences with the emperor and other distinguished patrons of religious and charitable objects. Mrs. Fry's success in Newgate was a frequent theme; and by communicating information upon prison discipline, and exciting an interest concerning education, especially in the Russian army, this part of their visit it may be hoped was of essential service; at least, at the time it was full of promise. On the 16th of March, 1819, the travellers left St. Petersburg; they proceeded to Moscow, where they devoted a month to the minute examination of the public institutions, sending written reports to the emperor and empress mother. From Moscow, they went into the Crimea, to visit a community of Malakans or Spiritual Christians, and certain colonies of German Mennonites—the sect whose relief by Father William of Nassau under their conscientious objection to an oath was the honorable precedent on which his descendant William III. afterwards relieved the English Quakers. Here, again, Allen's Diary presents us with a new and striking picture. Near Cherson, they visited the tomb of Mrs. Fry's predecessor, John Howard; and sailing from Odessa to Constantinople, Smyrna, and Scio, were eleven days crossing to Athens. In the Ionian Islands and Malta they preached the cause of the British and Foreign School Society with considerable success, returned through Italy and France, and reached home in February, 1820. The principal acquaintances which Allen formed during this long absence were assiduously cultivated and kept open as so many channels of philanthropical correspondence throughout nearly every country of Europe. He appears to have turned them from time to time to excellent account; and they peculiarly qualified him for his next continental service—which was an endeavor

to procure from the Congress of Verona a European declaration, pronouncing the slave trade piracy. Unfortunately, he succeeded only in part; but his intercourse on the subject with the Emperor Alexander, Prince Esterhazy, and the Duke of Wellington, is an admirable specimen not only of the humanity, but also of the skill of the Quaker diplomatist. On his way to Vienna, he visited the *Inspirées* at Nieuwied; and on his return from Verona, the Waldenses, in the valley of La Tour. In 1832, he again accompanied Stephen Grellet on a tour through various parts of Holland and Germany. Their first object of inspection was an infant school, which one of the Quaker meetings in London had established at Amsterdam. The funds, by which it had been set up, were part of the proceeds of a Dutch ship, captured during the war, to which a Quaker had become entitled. As far as the owners could be traced, the money had been returned to them; the residue was applied to founding an infant school in Amsterdam. It was the first school of the kind in Holland; at present, there are one or more of them in every town. They visited the colony of Frederick's Oord, and their old acquaintances at Minden and Pymont, minutely examined the Orphan House at Halle, discovered a colony of Mennonites at Maxweiler, in the Donaumoos in Bohemia, and extended their tour of research into public institutions of every kind throughout Austria and Hungary. Allen returned home in October, 1832; but rejoined Grellet at Paris at the end of the following January, when they proceeded together into Spain. Even in this incomprehensible country they met with the same facilities, and pursued the same course as they had done in other places. They made reports to the king upon the state of the public establishments in Madrid, Valencia, and Barcelona; and were the means of founding at Madrid a model school upon the principles of the British and Foreign School Society. The Bible in Spain may yet flourish.

Foreign travel, for the purpose of spreading her views of prison discipline, was also widely acted upon by Mrs. Fry. In 1838, and again in 1839, she visited Paris, and various parts of France and Switzerland. She came to the task with great advantages. Notices in newspapers, various published works, and the far-pervading correspondence of the Quakers, had previously made her name "a word of beauty" throughout the continent. In many places her plans had been already partially adopted. Here and there some single individuals were unostentatiously occupied, as Prison-Visitors, in giving them effect; hitherto, however, with little aid or sympathy from the public. But the presence of Mrs. Fry herself drew general attention to the subject. The French government introduced female keepers into the prison of St. Lazare; and ladies' associations were recognized and encouraged in the principal cities of Europe. In 1840, Mrs. Fry returned to the continent in company with her brother Samuel Gurney, and William Allen. Their course lay through Ostend,

Brussels, the Hague, Minden, Pymont, Hanover, Berlin, Dresden, Gotha, Frankfort, and Antwerp. Their passage was a line of light. Their arrival was the signal for public meetings; and Mrs. Fry expounded her lessons of philanthropy before such audiences as could hastily be gathered together. The effects were striking. From one end of their course to the other, the human heart was stirred, associations were formed, and measures taken for the improvement of prison discipline. The good work was kept alive by several subsequent journeys; and throughout northern and central Europe, with the exception of Austria, the public was effectually aroused. By Quaker influence the same results were accomplished at Philadelphia; as since also in many other parts of the United States.

Allen's latest labors were in connection with home colonization and the establishment of industrial schools. He not only wrote upon the subject, but purchased a property at Lindfield, in Sussex, and practically illustrated his views by the erection of commodious cottages, with an adequate allotment of land attached to each. He built schools, in which the course of education comprised every subject that can be of use to the scientific, as well as to the merely practical, agriculturist. Household employments, useful trades, and even the higher branches of philosophical knowledge, came within the wide range of instruction which Allen provided and superintended at Lindfield. There he passed the last few years of his life, and there he died at the close of 1843. Mrs. Fry survived him not quite two years.

The "Life of William Allen" presents but few personal traits of the individual man. The strong benevolence of his nature lighted up his countenance with a sweet and cheerful joy. But a quiet self-possession and an unconquerable perseverance were the leading features of his character. The former quality was occasionally disturbed and shaken, the latter never. Wherever he penetrated—and his paths lay occasionally, as we have seen, in tracts where no one would have expected to meet with him—he ever remained the same serene and placid person. To a man so born and bred, what trial of character could be greater than the intimate relation into which he was received by the czar of all the Russias? The Emperor Alexander, the most absolute of earthly potentates, admitted the plain Quaker into his closet, treated him with a respect entirely filial, revealed to him the secrets of his innermost life, consulted him upon points of the nearest and dearest interest, knelt by his side in private worship, and, in one word, showed him the reverence due to an apostle of peace and good will on earth, a messenger from the Most High. Once only does Allen seem to have been moved by the difficulties of his position; not that he was carried away by any feeling of self-elation, but almost vanquished by the overflowing of a softened heart. Taking leave of the emperor, in 1819, at the close of a lengthened interview, Allen says, "I rose, turned round, and knelt down; the emperor came to the

sofa, and knelt down by me, and now strength was given me beyond what I had ever felt before, and the precious power accompanied the words. When it was finished, I paused a little, and then rose; he rose soon afterwards, and we sat a few minutes in silence; we then prepared to take leave; the emperor was much affected, and held us by the hand—it was a solemn parting; he raised my hand to his lips, and kissed it. I was now anxious to be gone, and moved towards the door, and, after taking leave of Stephen, the emperor went hastily into another room." (ii. 16.) A scene of this kind was one in which it was impossible to take part without emotion. Much more did the deep trials of his private life—the successive loss, by death, of three wives, an only child, and a favorite niece who lived with him—pierce through his calm exterior. But in the ordinary business of the world, and in the transaction of the manifold affairs in which he was constantly engaged, he continued always composed and practical. He had little imagination, and had been irregularly and inadequately educated. Yet, in business, he was found ever ready with an expedient; prompt, not only in seeing what ought to be done, but in devising judicious means for its accomplishment. These were the qualities which rendered him an invaluable coadjutor in the various societies with which he was connected. He attended their meetings, not to make speeches—(it was as late as the year 1818 before he uttered his first few words as a minister among the Friends)—but to help on the work, and to inspire the irresolute and desponding with his own most Christian confidence. A belief in the triumph of truth and virtue is, in other words, a belief in the moral government of God; and what other source of moral courage can be half so sure? On the rejection, in 1810, of one of Sir Samuel Romilly's motions for the diminution of capital punishments, Allen simply remarked, "We are by no means discouraged. * * * One great object, that of public discussion, is obtained; and whenever a proposed measure is founded on humanity and good sense, we need not doubt of ultimate success." This was the law of his life. In this faith he persevered, and he has left us a noble example in the success, which, by never doubting, he realized at last. There is scarcely a principle of social improvement for which Allen contended, that has not already gradually worked its way to almost general acceptance. Let us too, therefore, hope that other truths, which are Utopian to-day, are only biding their quiet time, like seed committed to the faithful soil, to become in their turn facts to-morrow.

Mrs. Fry was a person essentially different. Quakerism might, in some respects, have narrowed the circle of William Allen's usefulness, for he had the elements of a philosopher and a statesman in him—at least what looks such. But Quakerism was the very thing which, we may almost say, created the usefulness of Mrs. Fry. Among the Quakers now-a-days, the ministry has principally fallen into the hands of women. This eviden

token of a decaying sect exercises a marked influence upon Quakeresses. Their practice in the ministry not merely gives them presence of mind, and strength, and self-command; it calls out a talent, in which the sex has never been supposed wanting, but which they have seldom an opportunity of cultivating in any systematic or exalted form. Whatever we may lose in pathetic eloquence for lack of female orators in our pulpits or our tribunes, society, not nature, is responsible. This gift, which the women of other sects are obliged altogether to suppress, or to confine to their most intimate domestic circles, perhaps to their pens, raises those who possess it among the Quakers to a preëminence in station and importance, which can scarcely be understood in other communities. It renders things easy and natural to them, which, in other women, would be considered unfeminine and indecorous. Mrs. Fry possessed this gift. Its exercise, and the business connected with the society into which she was led by the ministry, were as a school of training for her other efforts. She who, by the opening grave, could pour balm into the hearts of sorrowing survivors, and animate them to fresh hope by the glorious anticipation of worlds into which death has never entered—affecting services in which Mrs. Fry was most effective—would have little difficulty in finding the way also to the sinner's heart; whenever the sanctuary of love and awe, so natural to every human bosom, had been degraded only, but not destroyed. She who could break the deep unearthly stillness of a Quakers' meeting, and with tones "full of tenderness and a restraining modesty"—Charles Lamb must have heard Mrs. Fry—and could deliver a message of love, or encouragement, or warning, or, perhaps, but it was seldom, of reproof—would be far less shaken by the fashionable auditories which assembled around her at Newgate and elsewhere, and came prepared to wonder and applaud. She was herself as ignorant as they were of the real importance of her "calling," when she first embarked upon it; but Quaker ministrations had taught and strengthened her. And whilst other ladies, whom a sense of humanity and duty had brought into those scenes, were able to do little more than flit here and there, inquiring, "What has this woman done?" and, "Why are you in prison, my dear?" the veteran Quakeress hushed all such questions with one general condemnation—"We have all come short!"—and so, by acknowledging our common nature under its worst of falls, made good an opening, through which the messenger of repentance and of peace might enter in.

It is, perhaps, the highest point of all in the character of Mrs. Fry, that she was not spoiled by the public stage on which she was required to exhibit herself, and by the flattery which she had in consequence to undergo. A continual feeling of dependence was her safety. Retiring to her closet, and testing there the condition of her heart by a most rigid law, the contamination contracted elsewhere rose off at once and left her purified and in-

vigorated for future combats. The severity with which she judged herself, and the contrition which she has occasionally expressed in her journal, have alarmed the editors, lest her language should convey an unfavorable impression of her temper. Although the value and meaning of Mrs. Fry's remarks must be understood at once by those who can enter into the spirit in which she wrote, yet no excuse is wanted for the amiable jealousy of the editors. The fame of such a mother is not only an inheritance but a trust. And what an evidence have they produced! "Those most closely connected with her, in the nearest and the most familiar relations of life, can unhesitatingly bear their testimony to the fact that they never saw her in what is called a pet, or heard an angry or passionate expression of displeasure pass from her lips." She had the good fortune to be born thoroughly feminine—which all women are not:—and her woman's heart and a host of feminine peculiarities stood by her to the last. Amidst all the attention paid to her, by persons of all ranks, from the late King of Prussia (who was to her pretty nearly what the Emperor Alexander was to Allen) down to the humblest penitent in a gaol or house of industry—she remained a simple, unspoiled woman; coaxing her own children, and fondling the children of other people with "the gentlest touch" that can be conceived; over-indulgent to those dependent upon her, and nervously sensitive upon a hundred little matters of ordinary life, which sink into utter insignificance by the side of the great objects to which her heart and higher nature had been raised. These were points of character which Quakerism could not master; and the revelation of them only makes us love and respect Mrs. Fry the more.

William Allen and Mrs. Fry are great examples. We have seen them walking in the paths of usefulness and philanthropy with the simplicity and independence of private persons, but surrounded by a brightness as visible and distinct as ever followed the march of Cæsar with an army or "a senate at his heels." But whilst we do homage to the suavity and energy of their individual characters—to the ability with which they combined new elements in their humane experiments, and arrived accordingly at new and admirable results—let us not forget that, as in more ordinary campaigns, so in the warfare against ignorance and vice, but little can be brought to pass without numbers, without organization, without something like an army disciplined by the authority and animated by the spirit of its leaders. The prophetic sagacity of individuals may originate the first idea; the eloquence of individuals may clothe it in inspiring words, until a trumpet, louder far than what was heard at Roncesvalles, awakes the nations from their sleep. Such persons are our natural leaders on all great questions; their names become identified with the cause. And right they should. But the cause never could have triumphed unless it had enlisted numbers, men in every degree fitted for the several offices assigned to them, and contented to take

their place obscurely in the ranks. "In my Father's house are many mansions," and many servants. "They also serve who only stand and wait." And, in this way, Quakerism has supplied many humble but scarcely less useful helpers, pioneers of still future victories, diffusers of that charitable yet persevering spirit, by which prejudice and bigotry are certain to be overcome in the end. Witness Hannah Kilham, a Quaker matron, venturing among the savage tribes of the coast of Africa, to learn on the spot by what means civilization can be best introduced among them, and the traffic in flesh and blood most effectually stopped; witness her relation, Ann Kilham, from more zeal in the cause of education, posting off to take charge of a model school at St. Petersburg; witness Daniel Wheeler, wandering forth among the islands of the Pacific on a voyage of missionary inspection; witness Joseph John Gurney silencing the clamors against negro emancipation by investigating its results on a personal visit to the West Indies; witness the Aborigines Committee, who have undertaken the thankless office of shaming their fellow-countrymen into some consideration for those evils, which the wantonness or rapacity of British settlers has brought down upon an unhappy and unfriended portion of the human race. Finally, for we must close, witness the late exertions of the Quakers in behalf of famine-smitten Ireland.

Thank God, all our divisions, with their bitterness and their folly, disappeared for a season under our consternation and compassion, upon the occasion of this terrible calamity—the most fearful visitation of modern times. But taking into consideration their numbers and their means, no class of contributors can compare with the Quakers for the munificence, judiciousness, and earnestness of their bounty. Money has been a small part of what they have given. Leading men among them traversed the country from place to place, urging the bewildered sufferers to exertion, personally directing the efforts for relief, instructing committees upon practical subjects, and carrying succor to wild or mountainous regions, into which traders in provisions had not penetrated, or from which they kept aloof. Shrewd, sensible reports, from clear-headed practical men, spread far and wide plain details of the actual condition of the famishing country. One of the best books upon the evils of Ireland and their remedy, is Jonathan Pim's, one of the secretaries to the Dublin Friends' Relief Committee. It was their appeals which first roused our brethren in America, and, by so doing, led the way to those magnificent contributions which constitute the most honorable exhibition of national sympathy on record. We cannot resist adding, that up to the present moment the citizens of the United States are continuing their noble offices of kindness to our starving and infected emigrants who still continue flying, in unusual numbers and unusual misery, to their hospitable shores. Liverpool must not complain. It is now some weeks since the Commission at New York

had lost seven doctors, thirteen overseers, and two of the commissioners themselves by the contagion, besides their president and most efficient man. The American subscriptions were placed at the disposal of the Society of Friends. They have proved themselves worthy of the trust. By an uncostly system of management, the funds in their hands have been made productive of the greatest possible amount of relief, at the same time that the apportionment has been prompt and unsectarian.

It is from such facts as those we have commented upon, that we ought to estimate the character of modern Quakerism. Some of their sectarian peculiarities are, upon their own showing, incapable of reasonable defence; but those who will take the trouble to judge of the Quakers by their lives, will come infallibly to the conclusion, that, however much they may differ from their fellow-worshippers in the outward tokens of Christian fellowship, they are distinguished by other still more noticeable singularities—not simply by their blamelessness and neutral virtues, but by being men of purpose and of action. They are singular throughout Christendom for the characteristic merit of frankly acting upon the principles they profess, and for having chosen, for their great principle of action, one worth all the rest—that of "going about doing good."

Yet the society of Friends is said to be disappearing gradually in both the Old World and the New. We would gladly think that this is to be accounted for, both by the world having got so much better that Quakers need no longer be very much afraid of it, and also by Quakers having got so much wiser as not to continue standing out on trifles. We have drawn nearer to each other; and should draw nearer still, were it not for the merely formal things in their society. Their discipline magnifies the importance of externals; their "minor testimonies," which are no longer needed as protections, operate as clogs, and obstacles, and snares. Upon these subjects, neither the warnings nor the experience of Mrs. Fry should be disregarded. On the one hand, she has commemorated many moments of unnecessary suffering, which she might well have spared herself, arising out of the passing over of so many members of her family into the Church of England. On the other, she found her own "spiritual borders" widely extended by her more general religious associations; and she has left it as her recorded opinion, that "nothing was so likely to cause the society of Friends to remain a living and spiritual body, as its being willing to stand open to improvement." This in one sense—we will not call it a sectarian sense—we have no doubt is true. But there is another form, and a still higher one—which, however we might miss for a time both the Quaker speech and the Quaker bonnet—we should not be sorry to see their desire for improvement taking; we mean, that they would agree to break down the thin partition wall, which in this our day is so needlessly severing them, as a body, from many Christian brethren, with whom they are really one in spirit and in truth.

From Chambers' Journal.
INNS.

It is pleasant to take one's ease in one's inn; but it is essential to the realization of the idea that it should be a good inn. For an inn to be good, there is no necessity that it should be fine. It may be fine, and not good. The quality of goodness in an inn depends on its fulfilling the ideal of its own pretensions, whatever these are. All we require is, that it should be good of its class—that is, if it be a grand inn, that it should be grand without any derogatory slatternliness, any misapplication of servant power, or any other drawback from splendor; if a humble inn, pretending only to a moderate presentment of comforts, that it should really be a tolerable home for its own class of customers; and so forth. These postulates being attained, then we may each take our ease in our inn indeed; and a very great privilege it is to be able to do so at usually so small an expenditure of money. Duty, pleasure, whim, or whatever else, calls us out from home—we travel or ramble all day—it is perhaps a wilderness, with only a few cottages scattered over it; but, lo! it is a post-road we are upon; and there, for certain, at the end of a few miles, rises a goodly house, furnished with all the ordinary comforts of refined life—there a smiling welcome awaits us: if wet, we are sympathized with and dried; if hungry, the table is instantly spread: we lounge over a good fire all the remainder of the evening, and for the night repose among sheets redolent of the daisies where they were bleached. Mere payment of a bill next morning, though a legal, is not a moral discharge for all these benefits. Never do I enjoy them without a personal thankfulness to the honest people who have chosen a mode of livelihood so useful and so kindly towards their fellow-creatures, as well as a more sentimental gratitude for the privilege of living in a country so settled, and so advanced in the things of civilization, as to admit of such a regular, albeit mercantile system of hospitality.

Between the highest and humblest of all things the intervals are usually enormous—for example, as has been somewhere remarked, between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the hedge parson, or between Sir Astley Cooper and the village apothecary—however they may be describable by common names, as in these cases clergyman, or doctor. So between Mivart's, with its rows of fifteen windows to Brook street, or Douglas' and Barry's in Edinburgh, or Gresham's in Dublin, and the modest auberge of the village, with its "red lion predominating over a punch-bowl," or its black bull, with gilt hoofs and horns, the interspace is vast; and yet they all belong to the genus *inn*, as well as the hundred shades of variety which stand between. All, too, may have their virtues, if conducted in a fitting manner—on that everything depends. There is something interesting, almost awing, in an outrageously large inn. To be shown with your carpet-bag into No. 189, or 217, is of the nature of an impressive event—somewhat chill-

ing, too, perhaps, seeing how individuality sinks when you consider that you are only one of a multitude making your home for the night in this vast house. One feels in such a case of wonderfully small account in the eyes of both servants and masters. Your illness, or even death, would hardly fix their regard for a moment. The beauty, however, is in the regularity—the system. The bed-chambering power perfect as clockwork, in despite of Virgil and his *varium et mutabile*. Breakfasts appear at order, as if some law presided over the association of the various things on the tray and their coming up stairs. There is even a generalization of hot shaving water which seems marvellous. One could almost suppose that boots walk down stairs, clean themselves, and come up again. Mechanical, sentimentless, cold, and unloving is the whole affair, yet how admirably adapted for a general effect in giving comfort and expediting wishes! How excellent entirely in its own way!

Where small inns are tolerably well managed, I feel them to be, upon the whole, more agreeable. If newly started from a home where you are in the receipt of some daily respect as husband, father, and master, it is rather an unpleasant plunge to take your place at once as No. 217, with only a few pieces of human mechanism, in the shapes of waiter, cham'aid, and boots, floating gelidly about you. The greater conspicuousness and consequence which you attain at a small inn, makes the transition less. The gentleman in No. 5 parlor, with his two candles, is somebody. If the portmanteau and the man had alike a respectable appearance, he may depend upon the speculations of both waiter and landlord having taken a turn in his favor; the first practical result of which will probably have been a mission of the landlady to the kitchen to see that cook is sufficiently particular in doing that fowl for dinner. John, in laying the cloth, if he sees anything like an opening, will be sure to prove conversational, remarking probably on the anticipated effects of the railway commencing in autumn, which, he thinks, must for certain cause an omnibus to leave the house and come to it at least twice a day. Or perhaps we had a great farmers' ball in the big room two nights ago, at which there were such doings. The landlord himself, if you cross him in the lobby, or saunter out upon him in front of the house, is found to observe no chilling distance—very different from the invisible deities of the grand caravansaries. You may soon wind off from him the whole chat of the country side. The landlord of such an inn is generally but a half-occupied man. The lady being always of superior importance in house management, he has no chance of keeping up in any dignity of duty, unless he has a little farm for raising the provender consumed in the house, in which case he may be enabled to consider himself as a man of some small consequence. From the general operation of this semi-vacuity or enforced idleness, your landlord is usually social and gossippy. Great matter it is for the superior moiety, if she only can contrive to keep him from doing any positive harm.

There is a particular class of inns above all others agreeable—those which, being situated in some favorite haunt of amusement-seekers, have only to endeavor to be agreeable places for the spending of a few days, or even of one day, and their whole function is served. No great posting system, no tavern business, no pell-mell of stage-coaches, no “commercial gentlemen” to take a lead as customers. Generally situated in some pleasant nook, with an esplanade looking out upon the lake, the vale, or whatever else the place is celebrated for: nice parlors, clean airy bedrooms, very likely a pianoforte in your room; appearances of elegant life in the people of the house, and nothing sordid or shabby in their system of entertaining and charging. Here it is truly delightful to experience that warmth of welcome which belongs to inns—light-hearted ramblings all day—the comforts of the inn in the evening. All the better if the telegraph wires of the post-office have been cut behind you. Your ordinary world forgot: the whole sense of duty, that usually sits so heavy, thrown away for the time. Alas! what is life to the best of us but a long series of cares, with three or four such little affairs of relaxation interspersed! Inns of this pleasant kind are to be seen at Matlock, at places in the Isle of Wight—Ventnor, for instance—about the Cumberland lakes, and also in our own dear Highlands. Reader, there is a nook of the world called by a name which, ten to one, you cannot pronounce—Drumnadrochit. Nestling in a fine glen near the banks of Loch Ness, it is an inn for a romance. A Shelley might have chosen it as a retreat in which to compose one of his poems. Oxford students do, I believe, haunt it as a fitting place for their summer studies. Of all the generation of pleasant inns, this is by many degrees the pleasantest I have ever chanced to be in, be the rest what they may. It is more like that parsonage which a waggish friend recommended its non-resident tenant to advertise as a proper place for an eternal succession of honeymoon parties than anything else. From the perfect resemblance which everything bears to what you see in an ordinary house—here, too, you find a piano in the parlor—from the kindly simplicity of the attendants, and the neatness and taste presiding over all your entertainments, you feel that you lose nothing in life by being in Invernesshire instead of at home. Such inns might be expected in some Utopia, where mercenary feelings had given way to universal kindness and mutual serviceableness.

I am not quite sure if it be a wise arrangement which gives landladies in general such a precedence over their lords in the management of inns. It is all very true that, an inn being chiefly a domestic matter, and woman being more especially the domestic sex, we may naturally expect to see the lady taking a leading share of the common duty. I think it, however, a mistake to suppose that there is not full and fitting employment for a man also about an inn. It appears to me that the energy of the male intellect would often be useful in enforcing and maintaining the necessary arrange-

ments, and in taking advantage of circumstances that might redound to the better success of the house. It is unfortunate that men should think themselves in any case above such duties. Nothing tending to useful results can be beneath a man's regard. Were men of tolerable judgment and intelligence more generally to take a steering hand in the inns of secondary and third-rate importance, they might immensely improve them. By travelling, they might catch up many good ideas, both from the modes of management they would see in other inns, and from the remarks which they heard made by guests about particular arrangements, and the conduct of the several attendants. By exercising a real care in superintendence, instead of only promising to do so in their house-cards, they could effect wonders. The plain truth should be understood by them, that to fulfil their place in life, they must make themselves virtually the servants of those they would hope to profit by. By this we mean that nothing should be omitted which care and trouble can do, to make their guests comfortable—to make the house as home-like as possible for them. There must be no tiring in this kind of well-doing—custom should never stale the infinite variety of little attentions that gratify guests. Grant it is a slavery—are we not all slaves to each other! Who that would eat, escapes the bondage of those from whom he asks bread!

The greatest difficulty is to get good servants. This is the feeblest point about most inns. Of all waiters, how few are cleanly—how few approach the tact and unobtrusive discreetness of a tolerably well-bred man-servant! Landlords little reflect, perhaps, on the shock it gives to a gentleman who is tolerably well served at home, to see his breakfast brought in by a coarse fellow with uncombed hair, unwashed hands, and unbrushed clothes, as often happens. One fault is nearly universal in the class, and it is a sufficiently annoying one—the want of a quiet manner. Some seem to think it necessary that they should walk across the floor with the impressiveness of the statue in *Don Juan*, and set down every plate and salt-vat with a noise that may be heard over half the house. The unsatisfactory points about waiters are the less endurable when we reflect on their comparative gains. In a well-frequented house, where gratuities from the guests are in practice, the remuneration far exceeds that usually accorded to other men of the same grade in life. Here, indeed, there is a great absurdity. A gentleman calls for a glass of soda-water, is charged eightpence, and gives the remaining groat to the waiter, not reflecting that the man's profit by the transaction exceeds that of his master, who has rent and taxes to pay, a house to keep up, and bad debts to be made up for. The disproportion is owing to the shabbiness which would appertain, in appearance, to more just remuneration. It is a barbarism altogether this plan of securing civility from attendants at inns—the very confession that it is the only way expected to have the result is distressing, as if men were so reluctant towards their professed duty, that nothing but a particular

reward for every little act could induce them to execute it. It is not perhaps one of the best effects of the system, that waiters are so often induced by their accumulations to undertake the charge of houses for themselves, while not possessed of the education and knowledge of the habits of the upper classes which are required for such establishments.

There is a national genius for inn-keeping; and it is to be feared that we all fall short in this respect of our continental neighbors. Amongst our own nations, the Irish are ill qualified, the Scotch moderately so, the English the best. The comparison ranks with that of the nations for business gifts generally, so that we may fairly infer that the English couple make the best landlord and landlady, because they can adapt themselves better than either the Scotch or Irish to that subjection of the external selfhood to the desires and needs of others which constitutes business. The Irishman is too idle for his trade, and follows the fox-hounds. The Scotchman is too proud, and skulks into a sort of half farmer or grain dealer. The Englishman, alone able to surrender himself entirely to that by which he makes a penny, goes into the affair with apron and sleeves, and is a landlord in deed as in profession.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE DONKEY DRIVERS.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

I LIVE in an old tumble-down house, not a great many miles from London, and on the borders of a fuzzy common. Before the age of steam locomotion, this was considered the country; and even now, there is one solitary spot where, from mossy knolls rising beneath clumps of antique trees, we overlook a perfectly retired and sylvan scene. A sparkling stream, like a silver thread, winds its way amid rich pasture land and thick beech plantations; an ivied spire, furnished with a peal of soft musical bells, peeps forth from a distant village; and in the summer evening time it is pleasant to rest on those mossy knolls, and listen to the sad distant music.

The ruins of an old church may be traced from this point; wild roses and eglantine are around us, with violets and bluebells; a sweet honeysuckle porch is seen leading to a lowly-thatched hut; and there are lowing kine and bleating flocks by our side and in the distance. In this there is nothing wonderful; but only turn back not many hundred yards, and seek another point from whence to view a very different and more widely-extended panorama—the vast wilderness of London, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, hosts of steeples, myriads of chimneys, armies of masts and shipping clustering on the almost choked-up and hidden river, good old Thames; in fine, smoke, fog, and misery without end! Seen from this common, *there* the sun sets; but the holy moon rises behind the tall trees and the old church, which I can reach in less time than I have taken to gossip about it. Royalty for many years found a secluded and

peaceful home on this ancient common, famed alike in history and legendary lore; but I know not if the ears of royalty were ever assailed by the same unearthly yells and hootings which so often disturb *our* retirement, and remind us of the descriptions we have read of the war-whoops of the Indian savages. The explanation is, that there are several stands of donkeys, where these animals are let out for hire, on different parts of the common; and the general assemblage, or grand emporium, is close to the garden wall which bounds the domain once honored by a royal presence.

One evening during the past summer, as I was returning from a ramble by the side of a dear invalid, who was drawn about in a hand-carriage, two ragged little girls loitered around our gate from idle curiosity, to watch the occupant of the pretty green chariot assisted into the house. I was struck by the appearance of the elder of the two; for although with a quantity of matted black hair, a very dirty face, and still dirtier habiliments, I could trace a singular loveliness both of form and feature. She had large, languishing blue eyes, shaded by long, black, silken lashes; but notwithstanding this, the gypsy physiognomy was decided; and as there were many of that tribe in the neighborhood, I doubted not that these vagrants were wanderers from their tents. After regaling the poor little things with some tempting cakes, I asked the beauty her name, when she answered with distinctness and propriety, "Mazelli Lee, please ma'am."

"And what is your father, my dear?" I said.

"Father's a gypsy, please ma'am."

"And your mother is a gypsy too, I suppose, my dear?"

"No, mother's a lady, and drives donkeys, please ma'am."

I pressed the child to try and explain her meaning; but all the answer I could get was, "Mother's a lady, and keeps donkeys." She made me comprehend that the smallest and most *exclusive* donkey-stand on the border of the common, nearest our house, belonged to her mother; and that her only brother, a little bigger than herself, was also an assistant in the business. She said their home was not very far off—"in the pits near the caverns," where a miserable collection of huts had been from time immemorial. Moreover on questioning Mazelli further, I found she regularly attended the Rev. Mr. L——'s Sunday school, knew her catechism, "and said her prayers every night, when mother washed her face." I hoped that a portion of the latter statement was true; but the face-washing seemed quite incredible.

My curiosity was aroused; and the next day I walked close past the donkey-stand, which Mazelli Lee had described as being kept by her mother, "the lady;" and then I observed an individual whom I had often seen before, but without noticing her particularly, or giving her a second thought. This individual was a woman still young and good-looking, with the fresh color of unclouded health lighting up her blue eyes—eyes almost as beautiful

as the little Mazelli's—and with an anxious expression fitting sometimes across the vacant but good-humoured composure which was the leading character of her countenance.

Her appearance was not at all that of a conventional heroine of romance; yet I could not help fancying that there was somewhat of different breeding, shown by her general bearing and unstudied attitudes, from that usually displayed by the race of females engaged in her boisterous calling. Her two little girls were squatted on the grass beside her; and a handsome specimen of a real, genuine-looking, good-for-nothing gypsy man was loling at his ease near the group, in supreme enjoyment of a pipe. I did not like to speak to the mother and her daughters under these circumstances, because, not patronizing donkeys, and being an inhabitant, it was not a very agreeable or perhaps safe acquaintance to form; but Mazelli knew me directly, and came bounding forward, while the woman curtsied silently, and without the usual vociferations of, "Donkey to-day, ma'am? Steady donkey—quick donkey!"

One or two evenings afterwards, I was in company with a voluble lady who had come to our neighborhood for change of air, and was ordered by her medical attendant to take donkey exercise. She was full of a "most singular adventure she had met with—a perfect romance in real life;" and her gossip, to my great satisfaction, related to the donkey-woman. "Yesterday morning," said she, "my young friend Miss R—— and myself had donkeys brought to our door early for a long excursion; and while trotting along, attended by a frank, rosy-looking female, we began speaking to each other in French, not wishing the driver to understand our conversation. After a while, however, the donkey-woman said very quietly, 'Ladies, it is as well to tell you that I *understand French*.' We were at first speechless from surprise, and then from not knowing what to say—afraid of something, we could not tell what; although she was by no means intrusive, but behaved with perfect propriety. By and by, in order to break the awkward silence, I remarked to Miss R—— how well the singing had been conducted at St. Mark's church on the preceding Sunday evening, when a very beautiful choral hymn had been sung, and the chanting exquisitely continued. We regretted that neither of us remembered the composer's name, as we desired to procure the music.

"'I have it at home, ladies,' said the donkey driver; 'it is taken from an old oratorio, and is part of my school music. I was at St. Mark's on Sunday evening, and felt pleased to hear it again.'

"She then offered to lend us the music in question; and this was modestly and simply said, just as if we *must* know her history, and therefore ought not or need not feel astonished at such discrepancies. However, when we did express our surprise, she simply narrated her story, which is this:—She was the only child of a wealthy farmer

by his first marriage, and her mother dying during her childhood, she was placed at a boarding-school for young ladies, where she received the usual education. But she was idle, and hated learning; and when she left school, and returned home, she found a stepmother, who did not treat her kindly, and became a severe taskmistress to her thinking. A troop of gypsies coming into the neighborhood, she secretly formed their acquaintance; and in the end eloped with their chief, Mr. Johnnie Lee by name, and became his wife. After leading a wandering life for many years, she had induced her husband to settle here, from a desire that their unfortunate children should receive a 'Christian education,' as she termed it, and also because a relative of her husband's was a flourishing fly-proprietor in the vicinity, and might forward their views. But her husband was a rover by nature; idle and careless; and all she had been able to do was to establish a donkey business, and to attend to it herself. She declared that the pure air, and the untrammelled freedom of her mode of life, was suitable to her taste; and we pressed her no further, poor creature!"

Such was the tale I heard; too singular and improbable for a fictitious narrative, too extravagant for invention. It induced me to pay a visit, after the hours of donkey usage were over, to Mr. Johnnie Lee's hut "by the caverns." I knew by previous observation that "the pits" contained wretched hovels, and still more wretched inhabitants; but the one I now entered was worse than I had ventured to anticipate. It consisted of only two rooms; the under one with a mud floor, and with the ceiling broken, and the upper flooring projecting through. I did not ascend the ladder leading to *that*, for I saw quite enough below to surprise and bewilder me. A scene like this so near my own comfortable home, and in the midst of the rigorous proprieties of conventional life!—and a woman of nearly the same grade originally as myself, of nearly the same bringing up, thus outraging the common decencies of life! How far beyond the saddest tales of romance or the wildest visions of fancy! Her three children were around her, supping on potatoes; but there was no snowy cloth on the tottering board, no cleanly basins of new milk, no fresh flowers in wicker-baskets; nothing as it would have been were I relating *fiction*. Outside there were no honey-bees or garden-plots, where sweet thyme, and mint, and sunflowers grow; nothing but foul donkey sheds adjoining, where, amid damp fodder and noisome stench, rested the weary animals ere they were turned out on the common to shift for themselves during the night. The gypsy husband was not there. I did not ask for him, for I guessed his haunt but too well. It was an "owre true tale" I had heard, and this was the moral.

Johnnie Lee's wife opened a chest which stood in one corner, containing the rags of the family, and amidst them lay concealed her sole earthly treasures—her father's miniature; some school books, with her maiden name inscribed in them,

which I forbear recording; and some torn and yellow-looking music—the music which she had offered the loan of to my acquaintance. She gave me no further explanation; made no comments; but she did confess, that if it should please God to afflict her with sickness, she knew not what would become of them. To her own father and family she had been the same as dead since her disgraceful elopement. She had indeed purchased pure air and untrammelled freedom at a fearful price! Poor thing! with a smile on her lip, but with a tear in her eye, she added, “I do wish my children to receive a Christian education; and when I look on them, particularly on my little Mazelli, and remember their *inheritance*, I dare not think. But I have chosen my lot. My husband does not beat or ill-use me; he has given up many bad practices for my sake; and if he is rather fond of the shelter of the public-house, ought I to complain of that? Do not shed tears for me: I have no feeling for *myself*.” And she said truly. A woman destitute of feeling seems an anomaly in human nature; but this she *must* be, and fine sympathies are wasted when expended on her. But for the poor little children my heart still bleeds. Gentle blood flows in their veins, for the ties of relationship cannot be broken; and what a curious family party would be formed of the mingled race: the most decorous and prosperous of the middling classes of the community in juxtaposition with the refuse of humanity—thieves, vagrants, tinkers, and donkey drivers!

From Chambers' Journal.

A PEEP AT MINORCA.

THE following sketch of a chance visit to Mahon—a spot so much out of the beaten track of our English tourists—will not prove uninteresting to our readers, if we may judge from the surprise and pleasure we ourselves experienced, during our twenty-four hours' halt at Minorca, on our voyage to Algeria.

In the beginning of December, 18—, I embarked at Toulon in the Montezuma steam frigate, employed to transport from France to Algiers mules, soldiers, and colonists. Three hundred men, four hundred women, and three hundred children, were stowed on the decks of this ship, under the superintendence of the French government. A brilliant sun shone on our departure, a light breeze filled the sails, and before long, the coast of Provence disappeared from our sight.

The sea was calm, the sky serene, the *future* “*couleur de rose*,” and the deck was crowded with its thousand passengers. Nothing, however, is so treacherous as the Mediterranean; you may feel, as we did, the most perfect security on its tranquil waters, and in a few hours the vessel may pitch and toss in a terrific storm. Such was our case in the present instance. The light breeze which had so gently borne us onward changed to a violent gale, the waters rose, the waves broke against our ship; in short, everything foreboded

“*a wild night!*” As if by magic, our decks became deserted, and soon the sighs and moans of the unfortunate sufferers were to be heard on all sides. Englishmen are so well acquainted with the evils of sea-sickness, that I shall only remark, its usual horrors were in this passage tenfold increased by the sight of the four hundred unfortunate women, with their three hundred children, heaped on one another in a space of forty feet by twenty, through the culpable negligence of the French authorities. Their sufferings during the night were dreadful, especially towards midnight, when the storm became a perfect hurricane. French nature is not rough, even in a seaman; and the delicate attentions of the officers and men to these miserable passengers were unremitting. At length day dawned, but stormy, dark, and gloomy; while the wind and waves seemed to drive us forward towards the coast of Sardinia.

Suddenly the watch cried, “Land!” “It must be Minorca,” exclaimed the captain. “We can now stop at Mahon, our passengers can recruit themselves, and regain their strength, and we can clean out the vessel.” This decision was received with acclamation, and ere long the rocks of Minorca began to rise up before us.

Had it been a hundred times more bare and arid, we should have hailed it as a terrestrial paradise. A cannon from our deck demanded a pilot; and in an instant we saw issuing from the fog, which covered the steep shore of the island, a boat, so small, as to be familiarly termed a “cockle shell;” it now appeared on the summit of a wave, and then disappeared, as if forever, in a valley between. Two men steered the tiny craft, which soon approached: a sailor threw a rope; one of them climbed on board; it was the pilot; and in a few moments we perceived a streak of white at the base of the cliff. It was Mahon! or rather the sentinel of Mahon—Fort St. Philip.

We steered round an enormous rock, against which the waves dashed with violence—the surge soon subsided; a bay opened: it was the port, and Mahon lay before us.

It is but justice to the Spanish authorities to say, they did not keep us long waiting for permission to land. In a quarter of an hour after casting anchor, we were clambering up the steep rock leading from the harbor to the town.

Mahon is built on a rock, and the port, one of the largest and safest in the Mediterranean, is enclosed within two lines of almost perpendicular cliffs. In the centre, and near the entrance of the harbor, lies a small island, covered with buildings now half in ruins. To this spot the invalided French soldiers of Algeria resorted for many years, to recruit their strength in the pure air of Minorca, or to make use of it as a resting-place on their passage from Africa to France. But the little island Del Rey is no longer ceded to them for this purpose by the Spanish government; and the French, glad to attribute every annoyance they meet with to the jealousy of the English, allege (with what reason I could not learn) that this

refusal is owing to the interference of our foreign office with the cabinet of Spain. "But," enthusiastically exclaimed one of my French fellow-travellers, "what has been the consequence? England ('*perjide Albion*') did not foresee the result—Mahon has come to seek France!"

Without doubt the town is now deserted. Its population, formerly amounting to 30,000 souls, at present scarcely numbers 6000. All Mahon is at Algiers, Oran, or Marseilles. The men, clever gardeners, steady and industrious merchants, leave it to make their fortunes at the above-named places; and the young girls, graceful, pretty, and witty, go in quest of husbands: both are eminently successful.

There are two representatives of France at Mahon—one *official*, the consul; the other *official*! the landlord of the Hotel de France. The former, a clever man, is of Dutch extraction, but his family have inhabited Mahon for upwards of a century. His house is a perfect museum of Balearic history, literary and artistic; doubly interesting when examined in the company of its agreeable and well-informed owner. The officious representative, M. Huot, is an old French prisoner of 1809. Brought then to Mahon, he there married, and made his fortune. The houses at Mahon are extremely clean, but our host's hotel surpassed them all. He is most attentive to his guests; and in addition to his other qualifications, is a clever and most obliging cicerone. Through his means we were enabled, in twenty-four hours, to visit every curiosity of the town. Besides, the Mahonese (or I should say the Mahonese ladies) are so very courteous, that every door is open to a stranger, provided his manners and appearance be that of a gentleman. * * * "Senor, let us speak of France—let us speak of Paris!" were the first words that greeted us on entering. On my remarking this to my French friend, he replied, with the usual vanity of his nation, "Ah! mon ami, Paris is the Mecca of all the civilized women in the world!" Not being prepared to prove the contrary, I prudently refrained from pursuing the subject, especially as the Mahonese ladies to whom we spoke seemed to regard it as "the tomb of their prophet." Several had made their pilgrimage thither; and their graceful appearance, dress, and engaging manners, bore ample evidence to my companion of the advantages they had derived.

Mahon boasts the manufacture of those flowers in enamel so much prized for ornaments in Paris. Nothing is more attractive or coquettish than the workshops of these flower-makers. There, alone, are to be seen no *jalousies*, or blinds, those stupid jailers of Spanish houses. The *atelier* is on the ground-floor; and while passing in the street, you see twelve or fifteen young girls, all pretty, (there is not an ugly woman in Mahon,) cease their work, and fix their large eyes on the prying stranger who stops to observe them. As a matter of course, the owner of the establishment invites you to enter and examine her collection of flowers.

Who could refuse such an invitation? A selection is soon made, and the purchase concluded; and he who only entered through curiosity, still lingers to answer the numerous questions which are addressed to him in the most fascinating manner, and he departs in admiration of the grace and wit of his fair interlocutors.

The gravity of the Spanish authorities forms a striking contrast to the charming vivacity of this gay people. Inasmuch as the Mahonese love conversation and intellectual society, so are the Spaniards of Mahon morose and melancholy. Their character does not sympathize with that of the inhabitants, who take every occasion to draw the distinction of, "I am not a Spaniard, I am a Mahonese!"

Mahon contains no public buildings, with the exception of three or four churches, of very doubtful architecture, and still more equivocal ornaments, in which the enamel flowers, as may be supposed, figure conspicuously. In the cathedral are a few monuments of carved wood, gilt, which at first sight make a brilliant effect, though the taste is not of the purest. The organs are the objects most worthy of admiration in the churches. That in the cathedral was made by a German, and the tones are as sweet and full as any I ever heard. A young "*Maestro di Cappella*" performed for us on this magnificent instrument for nearly an hour. He was a clever musician, and played twenty different pieces, from a sonata of Bach to the modern airs of Rossini, Auber, and Verdi. During this concert, given for our benefit, the nave of the church became crowded with listeners, and their joyous countenances proved how well they valued the talents of their young organist.

After the church, the cemetery is most worthy of remark. The Campo Santo, or burial-ground of Mahon, is a large yard encircled by high walls, and in which are as many entrances to mortuary chapels as the space permits. The names and rank of the deceased are recorded on a tablet over an altar, and the body lies in a vault underneath. The graveyard itself is nothing but an avenue divided into as many compartments as there are tombs; a horizontal slab contains the style and title of their inmates. The walls, in general, are painted black and blue, which gives them a fantastic appearance.

Nothing looks more melancholy than the gardens in the environs of Mahon. The gardeners, valued for their talents in other countries, have surrounded with heaps of pebbles the squares of cultivated earth which they have created for themselves on the barren rock, whereon stands the town. They have carried this earth up from the valley in the same way they carried up the pebbles, which prevent it being swept off by the annual torrents of rain. Imagine a country cut into squares like a chess-board by heaps of pebbles, and without the shade of a single tree! On this arid soil grow the vines of Mahon.

Mahon possesses a theatre supplied alternately by Spanish and Italian artistes. The latter enjoyed

undivided sway at the time of our visit, and we availed ourselves of the leisure granted us by the storm to hear the "Elisir d'Amore." Certainly the singers were far from being first-rate. Their voices were worn, and their instruction incomplete; yet the opera, as a whole, was better performed than in many of the provincial towns of the continent. It must be said, to the honor of the Mahonese, that they possess great musical taste. Far from being indifferent, they applaud every good effect, or well-executed passage. This love of music seems born with them; and the orchestra, which is excellent, is composed of amateurs of the town, who perform like true artists. The interior of the theatre is of good size, and makes a pretty effect. The first, second, and third rows are divided into boxes, and a considerable portion of the pit is occupied by the orchestra. The Mahonese ladies appear there in full dress. Nearly all wear the mantilla or national veil, fastened coquettishly on their hair, and the fan plays in their hands the same graceful and malicious part which I believed alone to be the secret of the Spanish ladies.

Such is Mahon; and by what it now is, in its abandonment and poverty, we may judge of what it was in the days of its greatness. Of this grandeur of the past, nothing now remains but a vague reminiscence. And, alas! we are told that all this varnish of politeness, this elegance of manners, covers many a moral wound, and a vast deal of misery. Fortunately, we had no time to dispel our illusions by convincing ourselves of this fact. The morning after our arrival at Mahon, a cannon-shot recalled us to our ship. At one o'clock that afternoon we cast a farewell glance at this town, once so flourishing, at this hospitable port, which nature has formed in the centre of the Mediterranean; and, our last look resting on the little island Del Rey, the rugged shores of Minorea vanished from our view.

The following morning, about nine o'clock, I beheld rising before my enchanted sight the rich verdure of the Sahel of Algiers, and the white houses of this capital of French Africa.

From Chambers' Journal.

TOWN LYRICS.*

WE do not know that the term "minor poetry" is justly applicable to such pieces as these, many of which rank with the highest of their class. They are at least major in their own circle; and that circle, though comparatively humble in point of genius, is far wider in extent, more general in influence, and therefore more important in its bearings upon the public mind, than the one which comprises only the higher and more complicated works of art.

There is one point in respect to which we are inclined to place Charles Mackay at the head of the fugitive or occasional poets of the day; and that is—the *suggestive* character of his verses. Mrs. Hemans, and most of the writers who followed, or walked side by side with her, exhaust

* Town Lyrics, and other Poems. By Charles Mackay, LL.D. Author of "Voices from the Crowd," &c. London: Bogue.

the subject they illustrate. There is a neatness and completeness in their pieces which leave the mind of the reader in a state of tranquil satisfaction. Charles Mackay, on the other hand, not only stirs up our thoughts like these, but leaves them in the midst of the turbulence. He makes poets of us all for the time; and when we have come to the end of his verses, our glazed eye rests without speculation upon the page, and we continue in our own mind the series of images he has suggested. Let any one read the "Light in the Window," for instance, and he will comprehend what we mean; or let him read here "Above and Below," which is only one of the numerous examples we could give, from this cheap and neat little volume, of the *suggestive lyrics*:—

ABOVE AND BELOW.

Mighty river, oh! mighty river,
Rolling in ebb and flow forever,
Through the city so vast and old;
Through massive bridges—by domes and spires,
Crowned with the smoke of a myriad fires;
City of majesty, power, and gold;
Thou lovest to float on thy waters dull
The white-winged fleets so beautiful,
And the lordly steamers speeding along,
Wind-defying, and swift and strong;
Thou bearest them all on thy motherly breast,
Laden with riches, at trade's behest—
Bounteous trade, whose wine and corn
Stock the garner and fill the horn,
Who gives us luxury, joy, and pleasure,
Stintless, sumless, out of measure—
Thou art a rich and a mighty river,
Rolling in ebb and flow forever.

Doleful river, oh! doleful river,
Pale on thy breast the moonbeams quiver,
Through the city so drear and cold—
City of sorrows hard to bear,
Of guilt, injustice, and despair—
City of miseries untold;
Thou hidest below, in thy treacherous waters,
The death-cold forms of Beauty's daughters;
The corpses pale of the young and sad—
Of the old whom sorrow has goaded mad—
Mothers of babes that cannot know
The sires that left them to their woe—
Women forlorn, and men that run
The race of passion, and die undone;
Thou takest them all in thy careless wave,
Thou givest them all a ready grave;
Thou art a black and a doleful river,
Rolling in ebb and flow forever.

In ebb and flow forever and ever—
So rolls the world, thou murky river,
So rolls the tide, above and below;
Above, the rower impels his boat;
Below, with the current the dead men float;
The waves may smile in the sunny glow,
While above, in the glitter, and pomp, and glare,
The flags of the vessels flap the air;
But below, in the silent under-tide,
The waters vomit the wretch that died;
Above, the sound of the music swells,
From the passing ship, from the city bells;
From below there cometh a gurgling breath,
As the desperate diver yields to death;
Above and below the waters go,
Bearing their burden of joy or woe;
Rolling along, thou mighty river,
In ebb and flow forever and ever.

From Chambers' Journal.

CURIOUS HISTORY OF A SAILOR.

AMONG the group known as the Caribbean Islands, there is a little spot—in a great atlas, scarcely so large as a pin's head, and in reality a mere dot in the waters which sweep around it—called Sombrero, a naked, desolate, barren, miserable lump of rock, the resort of the sea-gull, the occasional playground of the turtle, and the scoff of the great billows of the Atlantic, which hurl their unwieldy bodies against it, as if it would take a very little to induce them to swallow it up altogether. However, the little island, with its territory embraced by a periphery of a mile and a half, has long kept up a gallant resistance, taking in obdurate sullenness the attack of the waves, which appear to be forever gnashing their white teeth against its rugged sides. Sombrero offers a striking exception to the character of the surrounding islands: it possesses no alluvial soil, no refreshing rivers, or brooks, or springs, no verdant vegetation; nothing, in short, to invite or to favor the residence of man, or to excite anything beyond the incidental notice of the passing vessel. His majesty's sloop of war, the *Recruit*, on the 13th December, 1807, was standing towards this unpromising spot, on which the first act in our drama opens. It was Sunday afternoon, and as the day closed in, the island lifted its head, lonely and melancholy-looking at all times, in dusky obscurity above the waves, and looked out upon the ocean, if possible, even in gloomier solitude than ever. The *Recruit* was now about a mile and a half off shore, when, between five and six o'clock in the evening, Captain L—, her commander, came on deck, having just risen from dinner, with a face flushed with wine, and a quick impatience of gesture which portended evil to some one on board. Giving a rapid glance at the dim mass of rock now so near, he hastily summoned the master, and asked, "What island is this?"

"Sombrero," was the reply.

"Have we not some thieves on board?"

"Yes, sir, there are two," answered the master somewhat startled.

"Send up my pistols," said the captain.

The pistols were accordingly brought up, and after undergoing a careful examination as to their condition for service, were ostentatiously laid on the capstan.

"Now send the ship painter here with a strip of black tarpaulin, and his paint and brushes."

The master hurried down to execute this strange order, while the crew forward were gathered into little knots, each inquiring of the other what all this could mean. Presently the painter appeared with his tools and the piece of canvass in his hand.

"Take your brush and paint the word 'THIEF' on that piece of canvass; paint it in large letters!" exclaimed the captain.

With a hand not altogether the steadiest, and, under the fierce eye of the commander, not improving in steadiness, the man proceeded to his task.

The five letters of shame soon, however, glared from the canvass; and although not exactly conspicuous for perpendicular and rectangular accuracy of outline, they were plain enough for the purpose; and after completing his work, the man gladly received permission to go below.

"Now send Robert Jeffery up here; lower the ship's boat, and let her crew get ready to take her off to the shore yonder," shouted the captain, who had already worked himself up into a towering passion.

Robert Jeffery, a lad of eighteen, soon came on deck, little dreaming of the terrible sentence he was about to receive. He was dressed in a blue jacket and trousers, and he held his hat in his hand, but he had neither shoes nor stockings. Giving a significant glance at his pistols, the captain said to him—"Jeffery, do you see that island? I am going to land you on it."

The poor fellow looked astonished, but dared not offer any remonstrance; and was effectually prevented from resisting the cruel order, by being immediately hurried over the side of the ship, and seated in the boat's stern, with the lieutenant and the boat's crew. He was allowed no time to collect his clothes. "Never mind his things," thundered the captain to one of the men who was endeavoring hastily to gather together a few necessary articles for the lad. He was cast out of the ship without provisions, without shoes, without a covering beyond the clothes he wore; and in this destitute condition he was rapidly rowed ashore, half-stupefied at the suddenness and severity of his fate. Upon his back was sewn the strip of canvass which published his crime. The lad was naturally of a weak, nervous, retiring temperament, and had always been somewhat of a skulker on board. His feelings now overwhelmed him, and he continued crying bitterly until the boat reached the shore. As they drew nearer the island, the rocks assumed a more definite form, and a little way inland were several which bore all the appearance of cottages. On landing, the lieutenant and the boat's crew accompanied the lad ashore, and proceeded some little way into the island, to see whether or not it was entirely desert, or whether the masses which, in the duskiess of a rapidly-approaching night, looked like human habitations, were really so. As they scrambled up the sharp rocks, poor Jeffery's unprotected feet were cruelly cut, and bled profusely. One of the crew seeing this, humanely plucked off his own shoes, and gave them to the lad; another gave him a knife; and a third a pocket-handkerchief, which he might use as a signal. As they proceeded to the house-like rocks, it was mentioned that the French fishermen occasionally resorted thither to catch turtle; so that Jeffery's hopes were sustained with the prospect of shortly getting shelter and food. On arriving at the rocks, how bitterly were these hopes disappointed! It was now quite dark, and became therefore necessary that the crew should immediately return to the ship. Leaving Jeffery on the desolate rocks, after bidding him a hasty farewell,

they got into the boat, and were soon at the ship's side. The boat was hauled up, and the Recruit made all sail from the spot where she had left one of her men to perish. This transaction took place at a little past six in the evening. The captain shortly afterwards went down to his cabin; and poor Jeffery "embraced the rock for shelter." As the wind came in fitful breaths upon the ship, mingled with the murmur of the surf, the crew of the Recruit more than once fancied that they heard the lamentations and cries of their unhappy mate. Soon after the wind died away altogether, and nothing was heard beyond the idle splash of the waters against the ship's side, and the far off and incessant sounds of the conflict between the waves of the Atlantic and the rocks of Sombrero. The night passed away: at six the following morning, the ship was still in sight of the spot, and many were the conjectures of her crew as to the probable fate of Jeffery. He could not be discerned by them from the deck. Between eight and nine the captain made his appearance; and the officer of the watch, in the hope of inducing him to send off a boat for Jeffery, reported that Sombrero was still in sight. But he was inexorable. Strong fears were now entertained that if the lad did not perish from hunger and thirst, he would fall a victim to the wild birds, which were both large and numerous there. None of these things, however, moved him; and having ordered all sail to be made, the Recruit, under the impulse of a brisk wind, bore off rapidly to the northward.

Leaving Jeffery to his fate, let us follow the ship. Directing her course to Barbadoes, she there joined the admiral's squadron. But the hard-hearted act of her captain being whispered about, it at length came to the admiral's ears, and he, after severely reprimanding him for his cruelty, commanded him immediately to return and look for the man. Two months had passed since he was set on shore, when the Recruit again hove in sight of this melancholy island; and now, under the sting of an avenging conscience, and the terrors of a prospective court-martial, the commander hastily despatched a boat to the shore, with the same commanding officer and men who had landed his victim, giving them urgent directions to leave no corner unsearched. On landing, they disturbed a vast flock of the birds called "noddies," and found near the shore a multitude of nests full of their eggs, and of young birds recently fledged, which hopped about in all directions. At this visit it was broad daylight, and now they saw to what a dreadful tomb their captain had consigned Jeffery two months previously. They searched in vain for a drop of fresh water. There were many sparkling pools as clear as crystal; but every one, without exception, was salt, and consequently undrinkable. The island had a craggy, sharp ascent; but on its summit was perfectly flat, naked, and barren, unless a little withered grass, rough and wire-like, can be called a production, and a thin coat of sand and a little detritus a covering. After a long search, nothing was discovered of Jeffery.

But a rude tomahawk handle was picked up by one of the men, and to their dismay a tattered pair of trousers by another. Again and again they explored the rocks, dividing, and uniting, and searching every hole and corner; but they found nothing more. They at length returned, and reported the fruitless result of their expedition to their anxious captain; and the news rapidly spread among the men, who, on hearing of the tomahawk handle and the trousers, were unanimous in the conviction that Jeffery had perished, and probably by a violent death. The boat was again ordered on shore, and this time the captain himself went in her: every cranny in the island was again searched, but with the same result. There was no heap of bleaching bones to indicate his death by the attacks of the birds; but the handle and the torn garment seemed to quench all hopes of his existence. What had become of him? was the universal inquiry; and a profession of utter ignorance, and of the inability even to conjecture, was the universal answer.

The Recruit again quitted Sombrero for Barbadoes. Captain L—— appeared before the admiral, and expressing a conviction, which his anxiety and fears belied, that the lad was safe, and must have been picked up by some passing vessel, the admiral was satisfied, and with a culpable willingness to forgive, suffered the matter to rest: and it rested, strange to say, for two years; but it was again to be put into agitation. A person having experienced, as he conceived, some injustice at the hands of the admiral, and being in full possession of all the particulars of the cruelty he had so lightly passed over, determined to bring it to the light. He addressed a letter to a member of parliament, the representative of his native city, and strongly insisted upon the propriety of calling a court-martial upon the captain, in order to bring the question to an issue. This appeal was sufficiently powerful to set in motion the whole official machinery. A court of inquiry was summoned, and sufficient grounds were procured for the appointment of a court-martial. This step was accordingly taken; many witnesses of the deed were examined, whose testimony proved the fact beyond the possibility of doubt; and the particulars were given with a clearness which, considering the lapse of time since the event, was remarkable, but was easily to be accounted for by the deep impression such an occurrence was likely to have made on the minds of the men. In the defence, no attempt was made to deny the fact; but it was pleaded that the lad Jeffery was of infamous character, and had proved incorrigible while on board. Nothing worse, however, than theft was brought home to the poor lad; and it remains to be seen that even this was of a character so peculiar, as in some degree to diminish its guilt. The court did not hesitate an instant in its sentence: its verdict was perfectly unanimous, and it condemned the captain to be immediately dismissed his majesty's service; and he was dismissed accordingly.

Whoever will turn to the "Times" newspaper for February 13, 1810, will find under the head "court-martial" a few particulars of this singular case; and on looking over Cobbett's "Weekly Register" about the same period, it will be seen that the public excitement on the subject was extreme. The verdict against Captain L—— received the entire approbation of the country. So far an act of justice was signally rendered; but where was the victim in the mean while? Was he dead or alive? Had he been killed, or killed himself, or been devoured, or starved, or drowned, or rescued? Upon a motion by a popular leader in the house of commons, further inquiries about his fate were immediately set on foot. Official instructions were forwarded to our plenipotentiary in the United States; for the report went that an American ship had rescued him. The proper steps were taken, and the result was as follows:—At a town of the name of Marblehead, near Boston, in Massachusetts, the lost Robert Jeffery was said to have been discovered. He was immediately taken before a magistrate, and being interrogated, gave the following account of himself: He stated that he was twenty-one years of age; was born in Polperro, a village in Cornwall; had been seized by a pressgang when he was eighteen, which carried him on board the *Recruit*; and having been brought up to the trade of a blacksmith, he was made armorer's mate on board of her. She soon afterwards sailed for the West Indies: after a while, her stock of water ran low; the crew were allowed to a certain quantity daily; and he becoming very thirsty, went one Saturday evening to the beer cask, and drew off about two quarts of spruce beer into a bucket, drinking about three fourths of that quantity, and leaving the remainder. On the captain discovering his theft, he was ordered to be placed on the black list. The Sunday following he was landed, by the captain's orders, on Sombbrero. He found it to be a desolate island, without any inhabitant, or sustenance of any kind to support life, and he remained on it nine days without any food, save about a dozen limpets that he picked off the rocks. At length he was rescued by an American vessel, and landed at a port in the state of Massachusetts. This declaration was signed with a cross. It was transmitted to England, and appeared at once in all the newspapers.

This, it may be thought, was the end of the matter. But far otherwise. Robert Jeffery had a mother "yet alive." She had perused with the utmost anxiety the declaration thus officially set forth, and she immediately addressed a letter to the public journals, which rekindled all the previous uncertainty. Therein she solemnly declares her conviction that the declaration thus made was, if not wholly a fabrication, at any rate not made by her own son, but by some one who had been suborned to personate her unfortunate child. The most remarkable circumstance in confirmation of this opinion was the fact, that the papers signed Robert Jeffery were marked with a cross, as is

usual with persons who cannot write their name; whereas it was averred that Jeffery was a good scholar, and it was unlikely that he should pretend ignorance of the art of writing. The anxious mother further added, that it was of the utmost importance to her to know of the real existence of her son, in consequence of the lease of her premises being held on the dropping of three lives, of which her son's was one, otherwise it would fall into the power of the lord of the manor. Some of the journals espoused her cause, but others affected to doubt that this letter was in reality written by her. The question was soon set at rest. A gentleman went down to her native village, found her out, and was assured from her own lips that she was the author of the letter. The village schoolmaster also bore his testimony to the fact of Jeffery being able to write a fair hand. The intelligence also came out that, when put on shore at Sombbrero, he begged some of the men who were his fellow-townsmen on no account to tell his mother what had happened to him; thus indicating a regard for her feelings which, it was urged, would surely, if he were yet alive and well, have long since induced him to write, and assure her of his safety. Public interest was now at fever heat. Mr. Cobbett fanned the flame; and with his homely, common-sense questions, kept poking the ribs of the government in a most uncomfortable manner, while he stirred up an immense blaze among the people by asking, "Is *this* the treatment our 'jolly tars' are to expect?"—a question which, considering the popularity of the navy, greatly added to the ferment.

Matters now assumed a very serious aspect. The public appeared determined to bring by any means the whole subject to an issue, and to obtain information as to whether the lad was really dead, or was yet living. Those in authority found that it was high time to take some decisive step to decide the question; and in a short time a ship, under the command of a captain in the navy, was on her way to Boston with the necessary documents, to find out the young man, and, if living, to bring him home. This proved the climax in Jeffery's history. Some little time elapsed before the result of the mission could be known; during which, however, the interest in the young man's fate by no means diminished. And if the attention of the public had been commanded by the peculiarities of the case, how are we to describe the alternations of hope and fear which agitated a mother's anxious heart? At length the vessel returned, to put a final end to suspense as to the man's destiny. The notice of her arrival was accompanied by the following announcement in the "Morning Post" newspaper:—

"Jeffery, the seaman, was this day discharged from the navy, by order of the lords commissioners of the Admiralty. He was immediately brought on shore, and set off for London!"

Thus was this long-pending and much-agitated question finally settled by the appearance of the young man himself. A thousand inquiries were

now of course put to him about his adventures ; to most of which the following narrative was the answer :—

At first he was altogether unable to believe that it was intended to abandon him in that destitute condition, upon an island, which the men who brought him there knew to be uninhabited and unproductive. He thought it probable he was merely left there for the night to frighten him, yet he could not help fearing the worst, from the stern character of his captain. How anxiously he watched for the morning ! how wearily that wretched night passed away without shelter, and without a second covering for his frame ! The morning came, and all his hopes were confirmed on beholding the Recruit only a few miles off the shore. He sat watching her from the gray dawn until it was bright daylight ; every moment he expected to see the same boat which had torn him from her, return on the welcome errand to convey him back again. Vain hope ! He saw her white sails unfurling and filling out with wind, and perceived that the distance between her and the island was rapidly increasing ; and then, as she became a speck on the mighty waters, then only did he give himself up to overwhelming despair, as the awful reality of his fate came home to his mind. She vanished in the horizon, and he saw her no more. For two whole days he suffered dreadfully from thirst, and deeply, though less distressingly, from the cravings of hunger. To allay the fever which consumed him, he drank a considerable quantity of salt water, which, however, only rendered his sufferings more intense. Death was now before him, when most providentially a refreshing shower of rain fell, and the quantity which remained in the crevices of the rocks supplied him so long as he remained on the island. But he was at some difficulty in drinking it ; for it lay in such shallow pools, or in such narrow fissures, that it was at first perplexing how to avail himself of the precious gift. The idea at length entered his mind of sucking it out with a quill ; and as the island abounded in birds, he was at no loss to find one suitable for his purpose. Inserting one end of this into the crevices, he was able to suck sufficient to quench his thirst, feeling inexpressibly grateful for this most opportune blessing. But nature now renewed her other calls upon him, and was imperative in her demands for food. How to supply this want he knew not, nor could he think of any means of doing so. He saw a great number of birds of the gull kind, rather larger than a goose, and attempted to catch some, but in vain. He then hunted for their eggs, but he could only find one, which had probably lain there for months, for it was in such an offensively putrid state, that, fainting as he was from inanition, he could not touch it. The only food he had, if it could be called food, was some bark, which he was so fortunate as to find cast upon the sea-shore. At length, greatly to his joy, he saw a vessel in the distance. With an exulting heart he watched her emerge, sail after sail, from the blue horizon.

When her hull rose above the line, he was half wild with delight ; and plucking forth his handkerchief, he waved it incessantly, every minute expecting some signal to indicate that he had been perceived. The great ship, with her load of wealth and life, took no heed of the poor outcast, and "passed by on the other side," at a distance too great for him to be discerned by those on board. Another and another ship hove in sight, and passed away, leaving him to his tears, and hunger, and despair. Altogether, five vessels were descried by him, each leaving him more cast down and nearer death than before. He had now despaired of rescue ; and fainting through hunger, he sank down upon the shore. But relief was at hand. An American vessel, passing nearer the island than usual, was hove to at the command of the captain, in order that he might examine the birds which were flying in great numbers around it. On landing, the men discovered our perishing seaman, carried him in all haste to the boat, conveyed him on board, and by kind and judicious treatment, speedily restored him to perfect health. He was thus delivered from his imminently perilous situation, conveyed to Marblehead, where his story excited at once the indignation and active compassion of the people, who soon supplied him with clothes, work, and wages. There he had peaceably spent this interval of time ; and while England was ringing with his name, he was pursuing his humble occupation, wholly ignorant of the tumult his case was exciting at home.

Immediately on his arrival in London, Robert Jeffery became one of the metropolitan lions, and was for some time visited by crowds of persons, much to his pecuniary advantage. This publicity stimulated Captain L— to come to an arrangement by which Jeffery should be compensated for all his wrongs, and a handsome sum was accordingly paid him, on condition of removing to his native village.

After the manner of a real romance, we must bear our hero company to the last. Accompanied by an attorney's clerk, to whom he was intrusted, he set out for home. On the road from Plymouth they met Jeffery's father-in-law, for his mother had been twice married : he immediately recognized with joy his long-lost relative ; and he ran forwards to apprise his anxious mother of the speedy arrival of her son. The news flew like lightning through the village—Robert Jeffery was coming home safe and well ! Before the young man reached the place, the sound of the village bells was borne to his ears, and quite overcame him. The inhabitants, old and young, turned out to meet him, and were prepared to receive him ; and, says the "Times," in its sober account of this romantic business, "it is scarcely possible to express the cordial greetings and exulting transports that attended his arrival." The whole village was for the time in a commotion which it had rarely or never experienced. People who, when Jeffery was a humble workman in his father's shop, never cared a jot about him, and little dreamt of

the noise he would one day make without intending it, now pressed forward and warmly shook him by the hand, congratulating him on his safe arrival in hearty expressions of welcome. After the tumult of joy had a little subsided, they began to look upon the clerk with suspicion, and to exhibit alarming symptoms of hostility against that gentleman; but Jeffery immediately assured them that he was one of his friends, and had taken so long a journey only for the purpose of protecting him. This produced a speedy revolution in the sentiments of the villagers, and their angry looks and expressions were at once exchanged for those of respect and kindness. The meeting between Jeffery and his mother was particularly interesting. At first she gazed upon him with a kind of bewildered anxiety, as if doubtful whether she could trust what she saw. Her son that was dead was alive again, "he that was lost was found." In a few moments she recovered herself, and they rushed into each other's arms. "Oh, my son!"—"Oh, my mother!" interrupted by sobs on both sides, were all that they could utter for some time. At length the agitation of their feelings subsided, and a scene of calmer endearment ensued. Nothing but the safe arrival of the wonderful Jeffery engrossed the attention, minds, and tongues of the warm-hearted villagers.

In concluding this curious history, we wish we could authoritatively explain what may seem to require clearing up. We have heard that the tomahawk handle turned out to be part of a fisherman's hatchet; and it was surmised that the tattered trousers never belonged to Jeffery at all. Perhaps the signing with a mark was the effect of momentary caprice. Beyond this, after a diligent search, we are unable to discover any explanation of the circumstances which, for the time being, produced so much perplexity. If this had been a fiction, it would have been easy to have invented a key to the lock: as it is, we leave it to our readers, with the simple assurance that the narrative, in all its particulars, is exactly as it is to be found in the newspapers of the period.

From Chambers' Journal.

SUMNER ON TRUE GLORY.

CHARLES SUMNER, whose Essay on War was noticed by us some years ago, has added to his reputation by an address on "Fame and Glory," delivered before the literary societies of Amherst College, August 11, 1847, a copy of which, printed at Boston, has just reached us. Mr. Sumner's address appears in England at an appropriate time. When a portion of the people, misled by a pretended fear on the score of military defences, would force the country into what would virtually be a war, such a discourse must have a peculiarly useful tendency. Too long has the world been deluded with the glitter and pomp of military array. It is time that the "fame and glory" usually accorded to warlike exploits were set down at their true value.

We cannot, in these limited pages, follow Mr.

Sumner through his comprehensive oration; but confining ourselves chiefly to a few prominent points, we shall present, as far as possible, a condensed view of his line of reasoning.

Fame and glory may, for the present purpose be considered synonymous. They are the expression of a favorable public opinion on certain actions, but any value to be attached to this opinion must depend on the degree of enlightenment and conscientiousness of those who express it. "In early and barbarous periods, homage is exclusively rendered to achievements of physical strength, chiefly in slaying wild beasts, or human beings who are termed enemies. The feats of Hercules, which fill the fables and mythology of early Greece, were triumphs of brute force. Conqueror of the Nemæan lion and the many-headed hydra, strangler of the giant Antæus, illustrious scavenger of the Augean stables, grand abater of the nuisances of the age in which he lived, he was hailed as a hero, and commemorated as a god. And at a later time honor was still continued to mere muscular strength of arm. One of the most polite and eminent chiefs at the siege of Troy, is distinguished by Homer for the ease with which he hurled a rock, such as could not be lifted even by two strong men in our day. And this was glory in an age which had not yet learned to regard the moral and intellectual nature of man, or that which distinguishes him from the beasts that perish, as the only source of conduct worthy of enlightened renown."

In after-times, in Greece, glory was gained by expert wrestling and chariot-driving, and contests of this kind, as vulgar as modern horse-racing, were the frequent theme of the Greek poets. Rome did not improve on the Grecian notions of glory. The much-prized crowns of honor were all awarded to the successful soldier. The title to a triumph, that loftiest object of ambition, was determined by the number of enemies destroyed. Founded and perpetuated in military aggression, without a single redeeming instance of justice, the Roman empire finally sunk under the vengeance which it had provoked. The successful robber was in turn a prey to the spoiler. The same tale may be told of all the nations of the middle ages. The glorification of animal strength and courage was universal. Chivalry was only polished brutality. "The life of the valiant Céspedes, a Spanish knight of high renown, by Lope de Vega, reveals a succession of exploits which were the performances of a brawny porter and a bully. All the passions of a rude nature were gratified at will. Sanguinary revenge and inhuman harshness were his honorable pursuit. With a furious blow of his clenched fist, in the very palace of the emperor at Augsburg, he knocked out the teeth of a heretic—an achievement which was hailed with honor and congratulation by his master, Charles V., and the Duke of Alva. Thus did a Spanish gentleman acquire fame in the sixteenth century."

The "glories" of chivalry are matched in states of society which a knight would have affected to

despise. "The North American savage commemorates the chief who is able to hang at the door of his wigwam a heavy string of scalps, the spoils of war. The New Zealander honors the sturdy champion who slays, and then eats, his enemies. The cannibal of the Feejee islands—only recently explored by an expedition from our shores—is praised for his adroitness in lying, for the dozen men he has killed with his own hand, for his triumphant capture in battle of a piece of tapa-cloth attached to a staff, not unlike one of our flags; and when he is dead, his club is placed in his hand, and extended across the breast, to indicate in the next world that the deceased was a chief and a warrior. This is barbarous glory!" But how little does all this differ from the frantic eagerness of knights to capture the flag of an enemy, or the "glory" of being commemorated in stone, with the legs crossed, and the body clothed in armor! What a mob of fools mankind have been in all ages and countries!

Carrying his eye over the present condition of society, Mr. Sumner admits that a love of fame or glory—that is, a love of approbation carried to an extreme length—is neither immoral nor blamable when directed to those acts which promote human happiness. At the same time, this species of personal ambition "detracts from the beauty even of good works." In our own opinion, the man who does not do what good is in his power, without regard to human applause, is not entitled to be called great. The popularity to be aimed at, according to the correct definition of Lord Mansfield, is "that which follows, not that which is run after; it is that popularity which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means."

Mr. Sumner is next led to draw a comparison between fame derived from the pursuit of peaceful and useful arts, and that from successful war. "It is from the lips of a successful soldier, cradled in war, the very pink of the false heroism of battle, that we are taught to appreciate the literary fame, which, though less elevated than that derived from disinterested acts of beneficence, is yet truer and more permanent far than any bloody glory. I allude to Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, who has attracted perhaps a larger share of romantic interest than any of the gallant generals in English history. We behold him, yet young in years, at the head of an adventurous expedition, destined to prostrate the French empire in Canada—guiding and encouraging the firmness of his troops in unaccustomed difficulties—awakening their personal attachment by his kindly suavity, and their ardor by his own example—climbing the precipitous steep which conduct to the heights of the strongest fortress of the American continent—there, under its walls, joining in deadly conflict—wounded—stretched upon the field—faint with the loss of blood—with sight already dimmed—his life ebbing fast—cheered at last by the sudden cry, that the enemy is fleeing in all directions—and then his dying breath mingling with the shouts of victory. An

eminent artist has portrayed this scene of death in a much-admired picture. History and poetry have dwelt upon it with peculiar fondness. Such is the glory of arms! But there is, happily, preserved to us a tradition of an incident of this day, which affords a gleam of a truer glory. As the commander floated down the currents of the St. Lawrence in his boat under cover of the night, in the enforced silence of a military expedition, in order to effect his landing at an opportune promontory, he was heard to repeat to himself that poem of exquisite charms—then only recently given to mankind, now familiar as a household word wherever the mother-tongue of Gray is spoken—the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.' Strange and unaccustomed prelude to the discord of battle! And as the ambitious warrior finished the recitation, he said to his companions, in a low but earnest tone, that he 'would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec.' And surely he was right. The glory of that victory is already dying out, like a candle in its socket: the true glory of the poem still shines with star-bright immortal beauty." How might this comparison be extended!

Of military prowess, in reference to fame, Mr. Sumner entertains but a poor opinion. Animal courage, on which military ardor is based, is exhibited in a greater degree among some of the inferior tribes of creatures. "Courage," he says, "becomes a virtue when exercised in obedience to the higher sentiments—to promote justice and benevolence by Christian means. It is of a humbler character if these objects are promoted by force, or that part of our nature which we have in common with beasts. It is unquestionably a vice when, divorced from justice and benevolence, it lends itself to the passion for wealth, for power or glory."

The question, however, may be put—Is there no difference between the defenders of their country from unjust invasion, and those who fight aggressively? No doubt those who die in repelling violence are worthy of cordial sympathy; but the strife is to be regarded "only as a token of the dishonorable barbarism of the age—like the cannibalism of an earlier period, or the slavery of our own day." Every considerate person must join in regarding war as an unchristian institution, and at best "a melancholy necessity, offensive in the sight of God, hostile to the best interests of men."

Unfortunately, there can be little hope of seeing war and warlike preparation abated as long as jealousies and rivalries are maintained between neighboring nations; and we might almost venture to say, that if half the pains were taken to cultivate a good understanding among the people of contiguous countries, that is employed to raise mutual distrust, even defensive wars would be unknown. No pains of this kind, however, are ever taken. The people of one country remain in ignorance of the people of another, and by the entanglements of diplomacy, as well as by the manœuvres of those who make war a trade, are too easily brought into collision. Glory gained in

battles which are so brought about, can be spoken of only with loathing and detestation.

We close our paper with the following passages, which seem to us to possess the character of true oratory.

"God only is great! is the admired and triumphant exclamation with which Massillon commences his funeral discourse on the deceased monarch of France, called in his own age *Louis the Great*. It is in the attributes of God that we are to find the elements of true greatness. Man is great by the godlike qualities of justice, benevolence, knowledge, and power: and as justice and benevolence are higher than knowledge and power, so are the just and benevolent higher than those who are intelligent and powerful only. Should all these qualities auspiciously concur in one person on earth, then we might look to behold a mortal supremely endowed reflecting the image of his Maker. But even knowledge and power, without those higher attributes, cannot constitute greatness. It is by his goodness that God is most truly known; so also is the great man. When Moses said unto the Lord, 'Show me thy glory,' the Lord said, 'I will make all my goodness pass before thee.' It will be easy now to distinguish between those who are merely memorable in the world's annals, and those who are truly great. If we pass in review the historic names to whom flattery, or a false appreciation of character, has expressly awarded this title, we shall find its grievous inaptitude. Alexander, drunk with victory and with wine, whose remains, at the early age of thirty-two, were borne on a golden car through conquered Asia, was not truly great; Cæsar, the ravager of distant lands, and the trampler upon the liberties of his own country, with an unsurpassed combination of intelligence and power, was not truly great; Louis XIV. of France, the magnificent spendthrift monarch, prodigal of treasure and of blood, and panting for renown, was not truly great; Peter of Russia, the organizer of the material prosperity of his country, the murderer of his own son, despotic, inexorable, unnatural, vulgar, was not truly great; Frederic of Prussia, the heartless and consummate general, skilled in the barbarous art of war, who played the game of robbery with 'human lives for dice,' was not truly great. Surely there is no Christian grandeur in their careers!

"There is another and a higher company, who thought little of praise or power, but whose lives shine before men with those good works which truly glorify their authors. There is Milton, poor and blind, but 'bating not a jot of heart or hope'—in an age of ignorance, the friend of education—in an age of servility and vice, the pure and uncontaminated friend of freedom—tuning his harp to 'those magnificent melodies which angels might stoop to hear—confessing his supreme duties to humanity in words of simplicity and power. 'I am long since persuaded,' was his declaration, 'that to say or do aught worth memory and

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imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us than love of God and mankind.' There is Vincent de St. Paul of France, once in captivity in Algiers: obtaining his freedom by a happy escape, this fugitive slave devoted himself with divine success to labors of Christian benevolence, to the establishment of hospitals, to visiting those who were in prison, to the spread of amity and peace. There is Howard, the benefactor of those on whom the world has placed its brand, whose charity—like that of the Frenchman, inspired by the single desire of doing good—penetrated the gloom of the dungeon, as with angelic presence. And lastly, there is Clarkson, who, while yet a pupil of the university, commenced those lifelong labors against slavery and the slave-trade which have embalmed his memory. Writing an essay on the subject as a college exercise, his soul warmed with the task, and at a period when even the horrors of the middle passage had not excited condemnation, he entered the lists, the stripling champion of the right."

Taking an example from these instances of true glory, "let us reverse the very poles of the worship of past ages. Men have thus far bowed down before stocks, stones, insects, crocodiles, golden calves—graven images, often of cunning workmanship, wrought with Phidian skill, of ivory, of ebony, of marble—but all false gods. Let them worship in future the true God, our Father as he is in heaven, and in the beneficent labors of his children on earth. Then farewell to the syren song of a worldly ambition! Farewell to the vain desire of mere literary success or oratorical display! Farewell to the distempered longings for office! Farewell to the dismal, blood-red phantom of martial renown! Fame and glory may then continue, as in times past, the reflection of public opinion; but of an opinion, sure and steadfast, without change or fickleness, enlightened by those two sons of Christian truth—love to God and love to man. From the serene illumination of these duties, all the forms of selfishness shall retreat, like evil spirits at the dawn of day. Then shall the happiness of the poor and lowly, and the education of the ignorant have uncounted friends. The cause of those who are in prison shall find fresh voices, the majesty of peace other vindicators, the sufferings of the slave new and gushing floods of sympathy. Then, at last, shall the brotherhood of mankind stand confessed—ever filling the souls of all with a more generous life—ever prompting to deeds of beneficence—conquering the heathen prejudices of country, color, and race—guiding the judgment of the historian—animating the verse of the poet and the eloquence of the orator—ennobling human thought and conduct, and inspiring those good works by which alone we may attain to the heights of true glory. Good works! such, even now, is the heavenly ladder on which angels are ascending and descending, while weary humanity, on pillows of stone, slumbers heavily at its feet."

From Chambers' Journal.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A PRESBYTERIAN VICAR.*

A FEW years ago, a society was formed in Manchester for the publication of antiquarian remains, historical, biographical, and political, relating to the counties of Lancashire and Cheshire—counties which afford an unusually favorable field for the exercise of that growing spirit of research into the past, of which societies of this nature are an indication and expression. The present is the fourth volume that bears the *imprimatur* of the Chetham Society, together with the impress of the armorial bearings of the individual after whom it is named; to whom the town is indebted for a most valuable public library, placed in the long galleries of the college, also founded by him. Within these ancient walls, in quiet seclusion from the commercial noise and turmoil without, we have passed some pleasant hours, surrounded by "the mighty minds of old"—huge tomes in their old wooden bindings, and manuscripts rich with the gay limning of the middle ages, on which, through "storied casements," fell the varied lights of such sun as is permitted the inhabitants of that well-smoked metropolis of the English manufacturing districts.

Adam Martindale was the Presbyterian vicar of Roseterne, a village in Cheshire, whose church and beautiful sheet of water—the *Mere*—are well known to all lovers of the quiet, rich scenery in that district. Humbly born, to a great extent self-educated, and retaining through life his original homely simplicity, combined with strong sense and shrewdness, he has left the stamp of his mind and heart in this account of his own life, which is printed from a manuscript in the British Museum. A diversified and somewhat stormy life it was, as must inevitably have been that of one who lived during the great rebellion and till after the restoration, and who was called on to take part in the turbulent events of the time. Embracing the parliamentary side almost by accident, he seems to have adhered to it without bigotry, and to have borne with wonderful patience the reverses that came upon him on the decline of its brief ascendancy; while his lifelike sketches of domestic details afford a most vivid and entertaining view of the character of this honest Lancashire man, with his good heart, and keen eye to the main chance, and likewise of the manners of the higher classes, and of the common people, in the middle of the seventeenth century.

As we prefer the *life* to the *times* of our vicar, we shall not touch on the latter, save just to remind those who, luxuriating in liberty which has descended to them as an inheritance, are becoming thankful for it—of the rich price paid for that rich gift; in blood, noble and ignoble, poured out like water; in broken hearts and desolated homes;

in public sorrows and private griefs; in reckless license and military despotism—a strange formula for the composition of freedom!

And now to our book, from which, as it is not accessible to the public, we shall extract the more largely, occasionally condensing our author's somewhat diffuse details. Chiefly we intend presenting the leading incidents of Martindale's daily life, his home cares and joys, passing over, or nearly so, both polemics and politics, as foreign to our present purpose. It must be said, however, that he had his full share of the disputations of the day; and in that day toleration was ill understood. To the Presbyterians it was only known as a "snare of the devil" and "work of satan," which they, in their zeal, eschewed as uncompromisingly as ever did Romish inquisitor, who, having the power, made short work of it by burning *his* heretics, instead of deluging them with fierce pamphlets and hissing-hot divinity. Martindale himself, who must be reckoned somewhat of a liberal, at the very time that he was suffering from the laws against separatists, tells us that he "did so little like a universal toleration, that he had oft said that if the king had offered him his liberty upon condition that Papists, Quakers, and all other wicked sects should have theirs also, he thought he should never have agreed to it;" though, when it was offered, (as probably most others would have done,) he found a loophole by which he saved his consistency, while he took the benefit of the act.

The first seven years of his life, of which he gives a minute account, passed much like those of every other child—sundry accidents, broken heads, narrow escapes from drowning, learning his A B C by the help of his "brethren, and a young man that came to court his sister;" and his great love for his book after that first and formidable difficulty was overcome, make up the recital. But towards the close of it, he tells us, "there fell out a grievous and troublesome business to our family. There had lately been a great plague in London, causing many that had friends in the country to come down, who, having employments to return unto, were full as hasty to return as consistent with safety; and my sister Jane, having conversed with some of them, was as forward as they. Our parent, and other prudent friends, were against her going for many reasons: 1st, she wanted nothing at home, nor was likely to lack anything; and had she had a mind to be married, my father was then in a good ordinary way to prefer her: 2d, she had no friends in London to go to [with others as to health, &c.;] but all these would not back her: she measured not a competency by the same meter-wand that they did. Freeholders' daughters were then confined to their felts, petticoats and waistcoats, crosshandkerchiefs about their necks, and white cross-cloths upon their heads, with coifs under them, wrought with black silk or worsted. 'Tis true the finer sort of them wore gold or silver lace upon their waistcoats, good silk laces (and store of them) about their petticoats, and bone laces or works about their linens. But the proud

* The Life of Adam Martindale; written by himself. Printed by the Chetham Society. Edited by the Rev. H. Parkinson, canon of Manchester.

est of them (below the gentry) durst not have offered to wear an hood or a scarf, (which now every beggar's brat that can get them thinks not above her,) nor so much as a gown till her wedding day; and if any of them had transgressed these bounds, she would have been accounted an ambitious fool. These limitations, I suppose, she did not very well approve; but having her father's spirit and her mother's beauty, [what a concise and expressive delineation of character!] no persuasion would serve, but up she would to serve a lady, as she hoped to do, being ingenious at her needle. But when it came to a going indeed, my mother's heart had like to have broke for extremity of sorrow; and indeed there was great cause for it, seeing how irregularly her daughter broke away from her.

"After her arrival in the city, she was quickly infected with the pestilence, yet it dealt favorably with her; but though the pest was over, the plague was not, for she was still kept shut up, and her money grew very low. Then, with the prodigal, she thought upon her father's house; yet knowing upon what terms she had left it, she concealed her straits from us; only in a gentile [genteel] way she writ for a goose-pie to make merry with her friends, and a lusty one was immediately sent her, cased in twig-work; but before it could reach her, or the money that was sent with it to make her friends drink as well as eat, that the goose might swim without her cost, her money grew so near to an end, that she had thought to sell her hair, which was very lovely both for length and color; at which instant a gentleman that went up in her company being fallen in love with her, supplied her for the present, and shortly after married her. He had been well born and bred, but was master of no great matters in the world. They were thought very fit to keep an inn, as accordingly they did at the George and Half-Moon without Temple Bar. This cost my father's purse to purpose in helping to set them in house; and my mother rarely failed any the return of the carrier, to send them up country provisions, such as bacon, cheeses, pots of butter, &c.; nor did this at all trouble her, but ever when she thought of the necessitous condition of her daughter at her coming up, and her follie in concealing it from her, it even cut my poor mother to the heart."

After this our hero was sent to school, and seems to have fallen into bad hands, from the account he gives of his masters. He is severely critical on their qualifications; but his five reasons for not getting on with his learning, were certainly enough to make him rather acid, and he was evidently not accustomed to mince matters. "The hindrances to my learning in this seven years of my life were many: as, 1st, Many teachers (five in seven years;) 2dly, These none of the best; 3dly, A tedious long method then and there used; 4thly, Dullards in the same class with me, having power to confine me to their pace; 5thly, Many sad providences making great gaps in this seven years, as will appear hereafter."

But we must hasten to relate another "grievous business" that befell this most unlucky Martin dale family:—"About this time my father met with a great disappointment in the matching of mine eldest brother. My father was not so severe as to expect he should bring him a fortune suitable to what himself had got, yet an hundred or six score pounds would easily be answered with advantage enough, and therefore not difficult to be obtained; nor was it, for besides others that it was thought would bid him welcome, there was one that actually did so, that had seven score pounds to her fortune, of very suitable years, and otherwise likely to make an excellent wife. But when things were near accomplishing, he on a sudden slights her, and sets his affections on a young, wild, airy girl, between fifteen and sixteen years of age, an huge lover and frequenter of wakes, greens, and merry nights, where music and dancing abounded; and as for her portion, it was only forty pounds. This was a great surprise upon us, and we were all full bent against it. But say and do what we could, he was uncounselable—have her he would; and at last, with much ado, he procured my father's unwilling consent, and married her. 'Tis true, indeed, she proved above all just expectation, not only civil, but religious, and an exceeding good wife; whereas the other he should have had, proved (as I have heard) as much below it. But that was the effect of God's great and undeserved goodness—not any prudent choice of his; and the smallness of her fortune was a great prejudice to our family."

But now the first trumpet-note of civil commotion peals on our friend's ear with a significance not to be misunderstood. He gives it graphically in few words, after announcing his being ready for the university. "But the university was not so ready for me; wars being coming on that soon after turned Oxford into a garrison, and many scholars into soldiers. It is true things were not then come to such an height, but working fast that way. Great animosities were set on foot concerning monopolies and ship-money. Shortly it was generally thought, that if a parliament did not heal us, we should break all to pieces; as accordingly it proved." Disappointed in his expectation of going to Oxford at that time, he turned tutor; and the first family in which he lived affords a fine specimen of character and manners.

"In this interval Mr. Skevington of the Boothes sent for me to teach his children, and to read prayers in his family, and this was all I undertook; but afterwards he put such a variety of business on me, and involved me in such trusts about his housekeeping, that sometimes I have not gone to my naked bed [had not undressed] for a week together. Besides, he was very high and tyrannical in his carriage towards me. Many a time hath he chidden me severely for not doing such work as he required of me, when he himself, by employing me about other business, had rendered it impossible; and were I never so innocent, I must not answer for myself; for if I did,

he would presently hit me on the teeth with this—that servants must not answer again; urging that text, Titus ii. 9, in the most rigid sense, so as to make it inconsistent with common justice. His sons also gave me great occasion for exercise of patience, for they were just like him; and so encouraged by their parents and flattering servants, that I would almost as soon have led bears, as take charge of such ungovernable creatures; and yet it was expected at my hands they should profit highly."

All this, however, he endured, on account of the unsettled state of the times, which rendered any employment—even tutoring at Mr. Skevington's—better than nothing, till increasing tumults caused the household to be broken up, and he returned home to find things in a sorry condition. Between parliamentarians and royalists, this unfortunate family seem to have found themselves greatly perplexed. His sister was married to a royalist, and, going to live at Lathom, which the parliament's forces accounted their enemies' head quarters, were sadly plundered by those forces passing the road where they lived. In the following account of what befell his own household and neighbors, he gives a melancholy picture of the miseries of civil war; of the miseries which it inflicts even on those who have no concern in it, and would fain be quiet; and of the mere accidents that may, and usually do, determine the common people in their choice of sides. There is something very touching in the simple recital: "The great trade that my father and two of my brethren had long driven was quite dead; for who would build or repair a house when he could not sleep a night in it with quiet and safety? My brother knew not where to hide his head, for my Lord of Derby's men had taken up a custom of summoning such as he, upon pain of death, to appear at general musters, and thence to force them away with such weapons as they had, if they were but pitchforks, to Bolton, the rear being brought up with troopers that had commission to shoot such as lagged behind, so as the poor countrymen seemed to be in a dilemma of death either by the troopers if they went not on, or by the great and small shot out of the town if they did. This hard usage of the country, to no purpose, (for what could poor cudgellers do against a fortified place!) much weakened the interest of the royalists; and many yeomen's sons went to shelter themselves in Bolton, and took up arms there."

After this, events came on so thick that they made a man of the lad—a process which he stood better than many on whom the raw manhood, thus suddenly thrust, was but the induction to living brutality, or an unblest grave hastily closed on the young limbs and scarcely pulseless heart. He first sought out a school, and remained for a while master, first at Holland, and then at Rainforth; but finding sundry inconveniences at this latter place, he left it, and went to live as a clerk with Colonel Mone, in the parliament's service: and here he gives us a precious sample of a round-

head's family. "It was," he says, "such an hell upon earth, as was utterly intolerable. There was such a pack of arrant thieves, and they so skilful at their trade, that it was scarce possible to save anything out of their hands. * * Those that were not thieves (if there were any such) were generally desperately profane, and bitter scoffers at piety." These gentry succeeded in making him so thoroughly uncomfortable, that he was glad to take a worse place as chief clerk in a foot regiment, where he was speedily induced to take the covenant, the chaplain being commissioned to satisfy any who should scruple so doing.

He was with his regiment in Liverpool when that place surrendered to Prince Rupert, and was imprisoned for nine weeks, in addition to losing everything. After various chances and changes, we find him again keeping school; and here, at Over-Whitley, Cheshire, an incident which he styles a "diminutive cross," befell him, which we must give entire, both as illustrative of the *manners* of the time, and of his exquisite way of telling a story:—"A gigantic fellow that, by the favor of a colonel, had been captain of horse, (though never fit to be a corporal,) married a widow, whose children were free, as daughter-in-law of the founder. But this would not satisfy him. I must either receive and teach freely three children of his by a former wife, or he would force me by club law, threatening hideously how terribly he would bang me, making no question of the feasibility by reason of the disproportion of our statures, and his resolution to get as great advantage of the weapon. Nothing would down with him, but do it I should, or he would pay me off soundly. I was unhappily infected, either by the breed I came of, or by being among soldiers so long, with a martial spirit, that I could not understand and answer such language to his satisfaction, but took mine own way. Hereupon one Saturday, as I came from the school, without any weapon save a short hand-stick about a yard long, he met me, and after some rhodomontado language, which I despised, he let fly at me with a long staff. I, being very nimble and strong for my pitch, ran in upon him, receiving his blow upon my shoulder, where his staff, lighting near his hand, did me no hurt at all; and I, forthwith claspings mine arms about his middle, threw him down into a sandy ditch, where we wrestled, and fought, and tugged it out for near an hour together, sometimes one, and sometimes the other, being under, during which time a child about four years old carried away both our staves, and laid them across a pretty distance from us. When I had him at advantage, I never offered to do him any considerable harm; but when he got any advantage of me, he most maliciously attempted to rend my cheeks with his fingers and thumbs; but it pleased God to enable me to loose his hold so quickly, that I quite escaped that which, if it had succeeded, would certainly have put me to a great deal of smart and cost in the cure, and probably have disfigured my face sadly, if it had not

also spoiled my speech, as the like did to a bay-liffe that I knew, that could scarce speak intelligibly afterwards. But two of his workmen in the next field were aware of us, and finding me upon such terms with their master as they little expected, pulled me off him, and held me while he fetched his staff, and valiantly knockt me down and broke my head most terribly, and also gave me so many bangs upon the arms, that when afterwards he commanded them to give me mine own stick, I could do nothing with it, nor scarce hold it in mine hand. Yet, blessed be God, nothing was broke but the peace and my pate, which, without any cost, was speedily well again. I was very sensible the law gave me advantage enough; but I being perfectly well again, and not in the least damaged in mine estate or reputation, took all such courses for pure revenge, and would make no use of them; and indeed the intolerable shame that fell upon him was so great a punishment, that it would have been follie to have exacted any more."

Martindale seems to have been heartily tired of soldiering, such as it was; and leaving the parliamentary army, tenders, somewhat apologetically, reasons for his joining that party, which must be admitted to have been such as were not unlikely to determine his choice. Circumstances will, after all, influence the generality of men, more than abstract right or wrong; and for this reason, if no other, that all can form some judgment satisfactory to themselves from the former, while few are competent to pronounce on the latter. We can sympathize with him when he urges, in favor of the cause which he had embraced, that all the ministers in the neighborhood (except two tipplers,) and "serious" people generally, declared for its justice.

But more serious discomposures were in store for him. He takes steps for entering the ministry, and sorely is he teased with the polemical squabbles of the day; between the Presbyterians—fresh beginning to reel in the saddle into which they had vaulted, and stalwart independency, then in its first youth and strength. Gorton, whither he went to make trial of his qualifications, he describes as a "waspe's nest," being there particularly teased by one old gentleman, who, in his hasty zeal to get him ordained, was willing to heap a variety of benefits upon him, including his daughter for a wife—a kindness of which it appears the young aspirant did not avail himself. It was not till three years after this, and with much ado, for he seems constantly, both in secular and spiritual affairs, to have had an adverse fate contending with his purposes, that he received Presbyterian ordination, and was settled at Roseterne. Previous to this, he had "married Eliz. Hall; and within the compass of eleven years, it pleased God" to give them four children, and "to take three of them to himself again." And of these he speaks in terms of tender affection. His father also dies. "Considering how good a father he had been, and how fashionably, in the time of his

prosperity, he had lived among his neighbors, we thought it convenient to bring him home handsomely out of his own, and so we did. For all that came to the house to fetch his corpse thence, (beggars not excepted,) were entertained with good meat, piping hot, and strong ale in great plenty. Then at Prescott, where he was interred, and the souls of the auditors feasted with an excellent sermon, there was a rich dinner, ready prepared at a tavern, for the kindred, and so many more as a great room would receive, with plenty of wine and strong drink, and for all the rest, tag and rag, sufficient store of such provisions as are usual at ordinary burials. Yet all this came to no very great matter, being discreetly ordered. So that I am persuaded some funerals have cost twice so much that have not been so creditable to the cost-makers."

Martindale got into some trouble, as his hap generally was, by Sir George Booth's rising in 1659, the Presbyterian party being then dissatisfied with what he calls "that Protean, vagrant government by a succession of usurpers." Nay, our parliamentary waxes so loyal as to say that if "usurpers" would continue his liberty, and "a king and free parliament" oppress him, he would still vote for the latter; but he had wit enough to see the small chance there was of any good being effected by that ill-digested movement—for the failure of which he assigns very sufficient reasons—and so kept himself clear of it. The restoration he passes over slightly; but it was the beginning of more sorrow to him; and it is worthy of remark how the restraint of his own liberty, and that of other separatists, was brought about by the excesses of the wilder sectaries. Liberty has no worse enemies than its mad friends. But he was now on the lowest side of the wheel; and some neighbor squires were determined to make him feel the worst of his position—worrying him with legal interference, hurrying him hither and thither, and finally imprisoning him at Chester, "where," he adds, with characteristic regard for his pocket, "the charge was at first considerable." But he finally got out of the scrape with less hurt than might have been expected, through the kindness of Lord Chancellor Hyde, who, being interested on his behalf by Richard Bacter, "did so rattle" one of the deputy lieutenants, that his discharge speedily ensued. It is painful to read of such injustice; but "they who play at bowls"—And Martindale was no exception to the truth of the proverb.

The "act of uniformity" turned our friend out of his living somewhat unceremoniously, seeing the book of common prayer, by some blunder, did not come into his parish till *after* the last Sunday allowed for its reading by those who would conform! But he bears him gallantly through the storm, and with praiseworthy meekness continues to attend the ministrations of his successor; repeating his sermons in the evening to his *own* household, who, he tells us, rather preferred them thus at second hand. However, there is a bright

side to everything, for he adds, that he believes the act saved his life, by taking him off employment too heavy for him. Another blow succeeded this first; and in his distress he betook himself to teaching mathematics, in which he excelled, though applying to the study so late in life. This fresh calamity was the passing of the Oxford act in 1665, whereby nonconformists were banished five miles from corporations. He then removed his family to Roseterne in Cheshire, going himself to teach mathematics in Manchester, where he seems to have been kindly treated, being left unmolested even by "high Episcopal men," justices of the peace, who, though aware of his preaching in the neighborhood, were unwilling, it appears, to deprive themselves of their mathematical tutor, whom they "paid nobly" for their instruction.

Martindale seems to have had much trouble and anxiety with his son, who ruins himself in London much after the fashion of a modern wiseacre. It is painful to note how little invention we have, but that even our follies must be copies of those of our forefathers. Our very *slang* is not our own; for it appears that the phrase by which we designate such dexterous gentlemen as the one who relieved our student of his cash, is at least as old as this poor "pigeon." Certes, your "mere scholar" is not good for much, if he is to be taken as a specimen. He had been appointed chief usher in Merchant Tailors' School, London, and was taken much notice of by those above him. "But this, alas! undid the young man, by lifting him up above himself and the advice of his best friends. He was never given to intemperance, but he made up a club with a number of men of such great estates, and that treated one another in their turns at such a rate, as his comings-in would not bear. Besides, he being a mere scholar, that was always used to have his cloaths bought and kept in repair for him, and knew not how to buy a pair of gloves, when he came to wear rich cloaths, being subject to be cheated by every one he dealt with, the charge of maintaining himself in habit fit for such company was considerable. Finding these things too weighty for him, he makes a full account he could easily help himself by a parsonage or a wife; and so he might have done, had he taken wise courses and God's blessing along with him. One young woman that had £500 to her portion he lost merely through a slighting humor. Another at Brentford, that had more than I think fit to speak of, was (as I was told) very fond of him; but because she was a little crooked (forsooth) he would not have her. At last a rook tells him of a great fortune at the other end of the town—a gentlewoman that waited on two young ladies—and makes him believe she had £600 to her portion; and if he would send him a bond of £10, he would help him to obtain her. He did so, and after paid the money; but never had so much with her that I heard of. And now he had done his business thoroughly, having himself to provide for, and a wife without a portion to be maintained like a gentlewoman." He

had so disobliged his best friends by this marriage that there was no hope of the governor's keeping him in his place at Merchant Tailors'; "yet, however, they pitied him, and bestowed a gratuity on him at parting of £5." Presently after this, he was again settled in a school at Lynn, and his father gives him some advice that loses none of its value through age.

"As for his preaching, I prevailed upon him to do it plainly to the edification of his people, and not to preach himself as he did at his first setting out. And if some of his matter were sublime and uncouth [a strange junction of terms!] to such ears, and his enlargement in the university style, I question not he would in time have come to be more plain and affectionate for the good of the vulgar. In 1679, he entered upon his place at Northwich, (called Witton School,) which put me into a necessity of affording him fresh assistance. I therefore gave him some household goods, lent him others, (which proved gifts in the event,) and furnished him with money to buy such as I could not spare. But, alas! all was suddenly dashed, for he enjoyed this place only ten months. There was in the town a very mortal fever, whereof his wife fell exceedingly ill; and he, desiring her life, and fearing her death, begged of God that he might die in her stead, and was taken at his word. His corpse was accompanied from Witton School to his grave with many gentlemen, and other fashionable persons. But none suffered so much by his death as I and mine; for I did not only part with an only son in the best of his time, (about thirty years of age,) whose education had cost me so dear, * * * but also I sustained considerable additional losses:—For, 1st, He was the only life in my lease of this tenement, save only his mother, who was then fifty-nine years of age—a very considerable loss; 2d, The money that he owed me, and the goods I lent him, * * * came to near £40; 3d, I have kept his child ever since, and I would not take any man's £30 to do for his child what we have already done for it, and are farther to do whether I live or die; so that, upon a moderate account, this last loss (after all the rest) may well be computed at £80 or £90; besides the charges of the funeral, which those that observed it will say was handsomely done."

What a mixture of the pathetic and the thrifty! The trouble of losing an eldest son just settled in life, and also losing some £80 or £90 by his death, besides his funeral expenses! But then the consolation of having him followed to his grave by "fashionable persons!"

The next is *rich*. If the shrewd chaplain (he was then living in Lord Delamere's family) had been allowed to manage matters, a better bargain than this would have been struck with my Lord Conway, who got his £5000, but seems to us to have earned a cudgelling, than whom none would have administered it more heartily than Martindale.

"About this time the Earl of Conway married that virtuous and religious lady, Elizabeth, daughter of my Lord Delamere. There was great rejoicing

at this marriage, he being a person of so great dignity and estate; but for my part I was much troubled and unsatisfied. The truth is, I liked not the man, for several weighty reasons; and I was utterly against the giving of £10,000 portion, absolutely, without any exception, whether she lived or died, leaving any issue or none. This I thought unreasonable, and more than could well be spared. The next summer, the religious lady (an hundred times too good for such a man) dies while he was proling at court in a gainful office for money, and would not come down to her funeral, pretending excess of grief; but, however, it was soon past; for within a few weeks (as I remember, five) this excessively mournful lord took another comfortable importance, marrying a young, airy lady. After much ado, and long waiting on his lordship's pleasure, at last he declared he would be so kind as to take only £5000 for nothing, and assigned the other £5000 to my lord's youngest daughter, the Lady Diana."

But the close of his eventful career is now at hand, and things grow worse instead of mending. Misfortunes rapidly follow each other, more than we care to transcribe: among the rest, the burning of his son-in-law's workshop and barn; the loss resulting from this accident, as usual, falling upon the poor old man. The memoirs close with a lamentation over the deaths of "many worthy men of the nonconformist persuasion, that within a year, or little more, had left their earthly habitations in Lancashire for a better in heaven. When God is housing his sheep (or rather his shepherds) so fast, it is a dangerous prognostic of a storm ere long to ensue." The manuscript here ends abruptly. All that is further known of him is from the parish register at Roseterne, where the burial of Adam Martindale is entered, "September 21, 1686."

From Punch.

THE LION, THE COCK, AND THE EAGLES.

STORM-CLOUDS were over Europe, light slept on England's breast,
The nations heaved with earthquake throes, but England was at rest;
A cry went up from Passaro unto the Baltic shore,
And every tongue but England's had its echo in the roar.

The couchant Lion from his cliff looked o'er the Channel-sea,
To where the smoke wreathed o'er the wave its sulphurous canopy;
His ear erect, his big fore-paws stretched, claw-sheathed, out at length,
And in his eye the calm that comes from consciousness of strength.

Hark, hurtling wings and hurried! What flight thus cleaves the smoke!

The Gallie Cock—his mate and chicks—his crow changed to a croak,

Forlorn they stand about the strand, and cheep—all limp and lame—

Cock missing hen, hen missing cock, for they scattered as they came.

Still looked the Lion o'er the sea, where the storm lay black as night,

When he was 'ware, high up in air, of a strange and sudden sight—

Two huge black Eagles—double-beaked—their lean necks iron crowned,
At buffets with a screaming flight of their own eaglets round.

A ruffled mass of tossing plumes, red beaks, and rending claws,

Dashed all about the northern heavens—and then a panting pause—

And those two monster Eagles reeled bloody from the cloud

Of their own eaglets' battle—crest-fallen, conquered, cowed.

The Emperor Vulture of the North from his Carpathian height

Looked with a restless anger on that stern but short-lived fight;

And uneasily kept pacing his eyrie to and fro,
And spread his broad black wing to hide from his brood what passed below.

Then thought the Lion, "So it is—a lesson writ ten plain—

I only, among beasts or birds, hold peaceable domain.

The Gallie Cock was crafty, the Almaine Eagles strong—

But what are craftiness and strength, with folly, fraud, and wrong?

In the shrillest of his crowing, the Cock is chased from power;

In the fiercest of their swooping, the Almaine Eagles cower;

I only hold untroubled rule o'er beasts of fold and field—

I, that know the strength of weakness, yield to keep, and keep to yield.

All beasts I take to council—the Fox's craft I share,
With the Elephant's sagacity, the brute-force of the Bear,

The wisdom of the Serpent, the mildness of the Dove;

I mate majesty with meekness, and wrathfulness with love.

When the Ass insists on braying, the Ass is free to bray;

When the Bull-dog's bent on growling, I give his growl free way;

All my Macaws may scream their screams, my Parrots speak their speech,

All my Quacks, Professors, Preachers, may puff, profess, or preach.

I hold a time for all things—admit each fact a fact;
See the world changing round me, and with it change in act.

I look on nought as final, save the Good, and Just, and Right;

With these for backers, what care I under what flag I fight!

Jostle it out among ye, blind leaders of the blind,
The windy empire of the Birds is little to my mind.

Light as your bodies float through air, so light your minds may range

From theory to theory, from endless change to change.

Ye shall not stir the Lion from out his island lair,
In your brawlings, and your bluster, and your bickerings to share;

He keeps here in his quiet nook, ringed by the salt sea-foam,

For all opinion a retreat—for all distress a home"

THE GOTOBED LETTERS.

REALLY it is henceforth a matter of military history—quite as much so as the investment of Paris—that on the 10th of April, 1848, a division of the —th regiment took up their quarters in the house of Mr. Peter Gotobed, stockbroker, Consol Place. That house commanded one of the bridges, by which it was expected—especially by the Gotobed family—that the rebellious mob would return into Middlesex and Westminster, to proclaim the republic. The hopes and fears and final delight of the Gotobeds may, perhaps, by a lively imagination be conceived; but sure we are they can never be wholly expressed, as the writers of the subjoined letters (to their relatives and intimates in the country) occasionally testify.

MR. PETER GOTOBED TO MR. LAURENCE POULTENEY.

My dear friend,—It's all over; and our glorious queen sits tighter on the throne than ever. I knew you'd have the gout yesterday. I was sure of it, when you would drink the constitution in that manner with nine times nine bumpers at the hall; I knew you'd be in bed with the gout on the glorious 10th, and so miss a chance of going down to posterity with a special constable's staff in your hand (as my wife insists upon my being painted, as she says, for the children.) However, as you were wrapt in flannel, and missed the glory, I'll give you all the particulars.

The morning broke dull and hazy, and I said to myself, "Peter, you'll have a hot day of it." Never did I eat my eggs, and ham, and herring, with so much alarm for the British constitution. My wife saw my feelings, but said nothing, and made the tea, calmly as a Roman heroine. The mother of Gracchus could n't have been more herself. The girls, too—I must say it—seemed in the best spirits. More than that, I remarked that they had dressed themselves like new pins. It was quite plain that the principles I had brought 'em up in, were bearing the noblest of fruits, and they had put on their best bibs and tuckers, to stand resolutely by the British constitution.

With not so much as a tear in her eye, did my wife bring me my staff; so much did that heroic woman (although I was going to leave home for many hours) control her feelings. Just as I was going, the bell rang at the back-gate, and Sarah ran in all of a flutter, saying, "If you please, sir, the sojers!"

You see, F. M. the Duke of Wellington had written to me overnight, (that letter is, forever and ever, an heir-loom to the Gotobeds!) requesting me to give the back-rooms to a division of the gallant —th. To ask was to command. The children's beds were immediately removed; and, as I said to my wife—"For the sake of the country, and for one night, the boys must bivouac in the drawing-room."

I immediately went to the back-gate, and showed the division up stairs to their quarters. You will think that a whole troop of soldiers, coming suddenly into a private house, would a little alarm a quiet family. Not the Gotobeds, depend upon it. The girls saw every soldier, bayonets and all, defile up stairs, and never shrank a muscle. I felt proud of 'em: I own it: I was a happy father.

"From this angle, sir," said Captain Rations, taking me to a corner of my own window, "from this angle, sir, my brave fellows would hit any one waistcoat button of any one Chartist; if, indeed,

such vagabonds can afford waistcoat buttons." "Dear captain," said I, "my house and family are doubly insured with you in it. I leave it. I go upon my duty with perfect confidence." "Mr. Gotobed," said the captain to me, taking my hand with that ease and good breeding that makes the soldier at home everywhere; "Mr. Gotobed, if the worst comes to the worst, depend upon it, all my troops, with your amiable family, shall be buried in the ruins of this house, before a Chartist shall cross the threshold. Buried, sir—in the ruins." What could I do? I squeezed the captain by the hand. Words! I had none to thank him with. Luckily, however, I recollected myself; and, drawing the key of the wine-cellar from my pocket, I gave it to the captain's keeping. With a whisper—and I saw he felt the delicacy of the attention—I merely said, "The left-hand bin," and left him for my duty.

I went upon my beat. Having nothing to do—for there was n't so much as a dog stirring—I caught myself a-humming the *Marseillaise*. And then—how it happened, I can't say—I did nothing but think of all the six points of the charter. They would keep tumbling about in my head whether or not. And upon my life—never having thought of 'em so much before—some of 'em I can't think so full of rebellion as I did. In the first place—but no: when we meet I shall be ready to defend an extension of the suffrage, triennial parliaments, and certainly vote by ballot! It's very odd; but this you may depend upon. There were so many special constables on the 10th, with nothing else to do, that they never thought so much of the charter before.

Well, the day went off splendidly. I got home at nine at night; just in time to see the captain and his men—(I assure you they had n't forgot the left-hand bin)—defile again out at the back-gate. Once outside, the fife and drum struck up *The girls we leave behind us*; and did n't we have a jolly supper! and did n't we drink the queen and the constitution! and at twelve o'clock did n't my wife say in her own clever manner, "My dear Peter, as that's the fourth glass of toddy, and as you're a special constable, I think you could n't do better than take yourself up—to bed."

After the excitement of yesterday, and after feeling that the throne is right as a trivet, I cannot settle myself down to business, so make holiday till to-morrow. *Vive the whigs!*

Yours ever truly,

PETER GOTOBED

P. S. Just received a letter from Lieutenant Sniggs to dine at the mess; who tells me that F. M. the duke takes a quiet chop with 'em on Tuesday, and I *must* come.

MRS. GOTOBED TO MRS. DEFURBELOW.

Dear Mrs. Defurbelow,—All your fears, kind as you were to express 'em, have been in vain. Our house, as my daughter Julia says, was invested by the military; but never, never were there such dears of men. Your account of the siege of Brussels, where you lived three days in a henroost, supporting yourself upon nothing but the eggs, did, I own it, terrify me with notions of the military character, garrisoned in the bosom of a family. But your soldiers were filthy foreigners. You had not to deal with the gallant —th.

I assure you the regiment had possession of our house for a whole day, and not a speck was left

upon the carpets; not a rumple on the chair-covers. But for a few dozen broken glasses, with a small heap of cigar ash, nobody could tell that a soldier had been near us.

Mr. Gotobed was absent with his staff. Therefore, upon me alone devolved the duty of all the honors; though, I must say it, Julia acquitted herself most heroically. After our military luncheon, (I mus'n't call it dinner) the dear girl sang—*We may be happy yet*, the brave Lieutenant Sniggs turning the leaves with a feeling, that showed the true musician.

Julia is a little depressed this morning—and I don't wonder at it. One can't be calm for a whole day upon the eve of revolution, without paying for it the next.

Yours always,
ELIZA GOTOBED.

P. S. I don't know why I should ask; but you know these things better than I do. What is the fullest pay of an army lieutenant?

MISS JULIA GOTOBED TO MISS ARABELLA ROSE-GARTEN.

Yes, Arabella; the die is cast. He has come—he has seen—and I have conquered. I always had a dim, mysterious notion that my fate was somehow bound up with the fate of my country. And so it has turned out. The revolution that has broken against the throne of England, harmless as a ripple upon Herne Bay beach, has enthroned in this bosom the tyrant Love. I cannot express to you the *émence* of my feelings! Nor can I think that an envious destiny will throw up a barricade between me and happiness!

We have passed through a most magnificent day. There was no fighting; but the bayonets in our house had an awful glitter. What I should have done had the mob attacked us, nobody can tell; but the gallant Lieutenant Sniggs, with an oath so pretty you might work it in crewel—the gallant creature said, he would mow 'em down like turnip tops! It would have been dreadful, would it not? but still interesting.

Arabella, I am now about to entrust you with a secret that—if your school-girl feelings are still the same—you will not let a team of wild horses tear from you. Handing me down to lunch, Lieutenant Sniggs proposed! Did I not say the die was cast?

The dear fellow has invited pa to the mess; and, though I believe he has nothing but his sword at the present, his expectations are immense. Pa dines on Tuesday; on Wednesday expect to hear that the happiest woman upon earth is your devoted and affectionate schoolfellow,

JULIA GOTOBED.

I know the dear Duke of Wellington attends weddings. If pa gives his consent to Sniggs—the dear fellow's name, I should tell you, is my favorite—Edgar—do you think the duke would, out of compliment to a fellow-soldier, give me away?

SUSAN MOPLEY TO SARAH GRITTS.

Dear Sarah,—I've given warning, have drawn from the savings-bank, and leave here in a month. I know you'll ask me why? when I was so comfortable. Well, Sarah, for this special reason; I'm more comfortable still. I'm sure I should like a revolution every day in the year, for we never had

such a happy house as last Monday. It was a division of the Coldcream Guards, the first of the crown of England, from the second-floor windows. Our house was like a garrison, and full of powder like a magazine. They talked of throwing sky-rockets from the garrets, and *more*, of throwing shells to the mob, which I thought foolish waste, seeing how nice they look upon mantel-pieces.

I suppose you think I were in a pretty pucker. Indeed, I warn't. I could n't ha' thought it till I'd tried, what a deal of comfort there is in seeing so many guns about one, with noble fellows not afraid to fire 'em off. And then the soldiers—specially Corporal Fubbs—was in such good humor, it was impossible to fear nothing. I do believe I could have looked upon a battle of Waterloo, with never so much as a single twitter.

Well, to make a long story short, Corporal Fubbs asked me to be his wife—though he said he could, if he liked, marry a governess in a duke's family, that knew French and the use of the globes, the next day. The dear creature was so straightforward, I could n't have the heart to worry him; so I promised at once, and showed my savings-bank book, which he said was beautiful.

He talks of going to Indy, when we marry; as he says it is easier to get made a captain there. I'm rather afraid of the sun, as you know I freckle with so little—still, a soldier's wife (and I almost feel one already) must be afraid of nothing. I shall ask you to the wedding, which will be in a month at least; and so seeing what's come of the revolution, and how happy I've been made by it, should n't I be an ungrateful creature not to cry—Hoorah for the charter!

Your constant friend till death,
SUSAN MOPLEY.

I sit and count the clock; for at seven I'm going to take four new shirts, a pigeon pie, and a bottle of ale to Fubbs.—*Punch*.

HAZLITT'S ADVICE TO HIS SON—Do not begin to quarrel with the world too soon; for bad as it may be, it is the best we have to live in here. If railing would have made it better, it would have been reformed long ago; but as this is not to be hoped for at present, the best way to slide through it is as contentedly and innocently as we may. The worst fault it has is *want of charity*; and calling knave or fool at every turn will not cure this failing. Consider as a matter of vanity, that if there were not so many knaves and fools as we find, the wise and honest would not be those rare and shining characters that they are allowed to be; and, as a matter of philosophy, that if the world be really incorrigible in this respect, it is a reflection to make one sad, and not angry. We may laugh or weep at the madness of mankind, we have no right to vilify them for our own sake or theirs. Misanthropy is not the disgust of the mind at human nature, but with itself; for it is laying its own exaggerated vices as foul blots at the door of others! Do not, however, mistake what I have here said. I would not have you, when you grow up, adopt the low and sordid fashion of palliating existing abuses, of putting the best face upon the worst things. I only mean that indiscriminate, unqualified satire can do little good; and those who indulge in the most revolting speculations of human nature, do not themselves always set the fairest examples, or strive to prevent its lower degradation.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 26th April, 1848.

THE Cunard steamer and the Hermann carried for you two copious epistles. So many extraordinary things happen here, and so much curious and important matter comes to us from abroad, daily, that any selection is the difficulty of a periodical scribbler. Next week, my leisure will be more than this, and two steamers are to depart from England. My notes may exceed the present in amount and interest. They cannot, however, be systematic or coherent, under the desultory circumstances of the hour.

Thursday last was devoted in this capital to the Festival of Fraternity. During the greater part of the day the weather was wet; the evening proved clear. You must accept the enclosed newspaper-report of the main details of the "sublime manifestation." It is officially stated in the *Moniteur* that the number of men, armed and unarmed, who defiled before the authorities, in the Champs Elysées, was 384,000. The new national guard is far from being as yet completely equipped. Umbrellas took the place of the musket with some thousands. Most of the actors are said to have been nearly sixteen hours on foot or in service. Bread was carried on the points of the bayonets of various corps. Bouquets, garlands, and other tokens, thrown from the windows by the fair, were carried either at the sword or bayonet point. This and the strange accoutrements of the volunteer or eccentric band, called guards, made the scene fantastic and motley. The women in the ranks, in male attire, were not a few. In the midst of a legion from the banlieue, or precincts, strutted an elderly female with a red cap, and tri-colored scarf over a white dress—a red liberty-cap, and a label proclaiming her a mother of sixteen children, who herself had been wounded on the 24th February in defence of liberty! In this heroic age, we cannot venture to remark that she might have been better employed at home, in maternal drudgery. The spontaneous (!) illumination of the principal quarters of the capital had an admirable effect;—no affrays, no accidents of consequence; a half million of individuals out of doors three fourths of the day. Detachments from several regiments were admitted, and so placed as to alternate with the companies of the guards, chiefly the new. The primary object of the convocation was the fraternization of these parties, in order to enable the government to establish a garrison. Fifteen thousand troops remain by permission—by prompted request—of their new brothers, who, like the old national guards, began to find the exclusive supervision of public order—the service, night and day, of the hundreds of posts—rather too onerous. There will be a considerable addition to the tolerated regulars after the elections. The design of the demagogues and anarchists in banishing the army was to enable themselves to compass what fresh revolution they pleased, and thus to remain absolute "masters of the situation." It is admissible to ascribe much

of the enthusiasm lavished on Thursday, by the respectable classes, to their stronger hope of security from mob-excesses, than to the cry of *Vive la République*—the only one, since all proscriptive cries and hostile emblems were, as a point of consistency, prohibited for the nonce.

Nearly three weeks of heavy rains have awfully swollen all the rivers, and sad tidings of inundations in the provinces are expected. The calamity will not promote the restoration of order. From the terrace at St. Germain, which I visit daily, half the valley of the Seine seems to be under water.

The vast hall of the national assembly is nearly completed at the ex-palace of the deputies: it is so built as to resist an attack of the people, in case of an *émeute*! A decree, of yesterday, appoints the republican guard of the Hotel de Ville, the regular guard of the assembly. This battalion is now of six hundred; half of them were a free corps of combatants, of the Three Days of February, who, on the 24th, the last, installed themselves at the Hotel, and have been rendered in a degree manageable by doubling their number and investing them with special dignity. It is a common notion that the assembly will not regard itself as *constituent* merely, but undertake at once the whole government, and that the constitution must embrace all administrative as well as political law, and all social theory which the majority of the nine hundred shall approve. No man can conjecture, as yet, how the assembly will be composed, or the nature and compass of the system to be put together for the thirty-five millions of the land.

The *Assemblée Nationale*, a new journal, is the organ of the "Republican Club for the Freedom of Elections," and of the higher classes of the legitimists and conservatives, who are the soul of the club. It issues, daily, twenty-four thousand copies, and is about to be enlarged. We may admire the boldness of its hostilities against the anarchical associations and oracles, but the acerbity of its occasional animadversion on the provisional government tends to defeat the other warfare. The government, doubtless, is an active dictatorship, manœuvring with anarchical fermentation, yet it prevents infinite evil. The *Assemblée*, of this morning, says: "Now that the elections are over, any fresh edict, or legislative act, by the provisional government, would be a criminal usurpation. What remains for it to assail? Has it not touched everything, and killed all that it touched? commerce, industry, public credit, private credit, army, judiciary, military discipline, political morality—all the arteries of social life, have they not been opened, and are they not nearly exhausted? The country and the press have the right to cry—'You shall go no further.' The minister who shall sign a new decree will be guilty of high treason against the sovereignty of the people. He should be impeached." Nevertheless, there will be decrees, and pregnant ones, before the devolution of the executive power to the assembly. "We are scarcely half way up the revolutionary ladder," observes, to-day, *La Liberté*—a paper

auxiliary to the government. A translation of President Polk's message to congress, with the despatch of Mr. Rush, has appeared in the principal Paris journals. The measure and strain of the President were proper; so all that has been expressed here by Americans. Wherever republicanism is substituted for monarchy we are allowed to exult as Christians would do on the substitution of Christianity for paganism in any region. But the caution of the majority in the senate at Washington against Mr. Allen's resolution, may not be condemned; those gentlemen, probably, shared the natural and excellent feelings of the minority; they were only less sanguine and adventurous. It is related, in Mr. Pitkin's history, that even as late as 1793, a great proportion of the American people seemed to have no doubt that a republican government could and would be maintained in France. How long the same confidence will endure on the present occasion, we cannot predict; but it may be allowed to an old observer in France, and constant witness in the capital, who is neither monarchist nor pessimist, but anti-royalist by study and conviction, to doubt thus early—to *fear* painfully; the session of the national assembly, if it live to bring forth, may yield a compound polity as opposite to American republicanism as sound practice is to chimerical theory, or chaos to the harmony of the spheres, or the present condition and current of affairs to genuine liberty, social order, rational calculation, or national weal. In his paper of yesterday, Lamennais holds this language: "Nothing is ended, no party have renounced their hopes. Communism and terrorism may seem to be reprobated, but the people are made an election machine; it is not labor which is organized, but the slavery of the laborers."

By her first revolution, France lost Hayti; it is conceded in the journals that the decree for abolition in the remaining islands is a sacrifice of their value, if not of dominion. But they had nothing to hope from the late government. M. Guizot surrendered them to the British policy. To judge from paragraphs of the new Paris journals, which denounce American negro-slavery, our southern states may look out for a new race of emissaries. The French do not understand, in the least, their situation and reasoning. Female clubs multiply in the provincial towns. Reform societies are said to be established throughout Sweden. King Oscar will have his troubles. Two hundred of the Paris clubs have, by delegates from each, formed the club of clubs—*alias*, Le Comité Revolutionnaire. These associations pass decrees that deputies be sent to the Hotel de Ville to demand a decree from the provisional government, &c. A band, self-styled *Les Voraces*, domineer over Lyons, seize the guns and ammunition provided for General Bedeau's army of the Alps, and defy the municipal authorities. But the manifestations of the national guards in the capital have encouraged those in the provincial cities to maintain a bolder front.

On Saturday last, the day before the general

elections, the anarchical editors published letters from London, declaring positively that Lord Palmerston, Louis Philippe, M. Guizot, Prince Metternich, the hereditary Prince of Prussia, with the plenipotentiaries of the German and northern royalties, were plotting a grand coalition against republican France. *Le Monde Republicain*, of yesterday, assumes Russia and England to be the supreme parties, and to have undertaken immense armaments. But, adds the oracle, they will now encounter the *people* of the continent; England will see a new continental blockade carried into effect by the people, and fatal to her manufactures. You will see that Sicily has repudiated the House of Bourbon, meaning to give herself some other Italian prince than the *bombarding* Ferdinand. This independence is believed to be British work. When Lord Stanley complained, in the House of peers, of the King of Sardinia's intervention in the Lombard war, he forgot the mission of Lord Minto in Italy—a general interference, but specially directed to the rescue of the Sicilians in the way just suggested. The correspondence between the British plenipotentiary at Madrid, and the Spanish cabinet—an interference of Lord Palmerston—attracts much attention. The Spanish government is, indeed, a sheer military despotism; and if England has a right to remonstrate on that head, she ought to go further, for mere remonstrance, known to be futile, looks like a feint. The Portuguese sovereigns and court are stated to have embarked their more precious and portable wealth on board the British squadron in the Tagus. Authoritative names are subscribed to the petition to the Pope for an Italian Diet at Rome, for the purpose of organizing national unity in the peninsula. The general coalition against Austria cannot fail to promote that transcendent purpose. You must remark the new and liberal constitution for Holland. The distracted condition of the Grand Duchy of Posen will induce events of consequence. Emperor Nicholas prepares himself strenuously in Poland. There will be trouble with the Danubian provinces. According to the correspondents, north of France, of the London Times and the Morning Chronicle, republicanism is not favored by the majority of the German and Slavonian races. Those papers furnish a deal of reliable information concerning continental transactions and tendencies. The letters from Paris are correct in the main; so are the editorial strictures, making allowance for the exaggeration and coloring adopted to deter the British from imitation of French example. The *Letters to the Mob*, in the Morning Chronicle, suit every meridian. Hungary has severed herself from the other provinces of Austria; she acknowledges only the common crown, but with a separate civil list, army, and so forth. Bohemia, a glorious country, may be expected to follow suit.

Great Britain gains by the suspension of French manufactures and commerce, on one hand, yet loses the market as far as she supplied it with her products and capital. She is making great bar-

gains of French goods; she sends so much gold for speculative ends, that its price has materially declined on the Paris exchange. If she remain politically firm and quiet, she will profit prodigiously, in various respects, by the convulsions of the continent. The organization at Liverpool, by a hundred "influential gentlemen," of a Financial Reform Association, is an event to be noted. It would have been difficult to refute the censure of the speakers on the enormous incomes of the members of the royal family; a hundred thousand pounds sterling a year to the *queen dowager*—to say nothing of the stipends of Prince Albert, the King of Hanover, Leopold of Belgium, and *tutti quanti*. The royal pensions amount altogether to three hundred thousand pounds sterling, and the appropriations for her majesty's privy purse, salaries of her household and tradesmen's bills, to three hundred and seventy-one thousand, per annum. The Sycee silver is exhausted; the sinking-fund yields nothing this year for the national debt; the income-tax is an indispensable permanent charge; the interest of the public debt is twenty-eight millions; the revenue of 1846 was 58,473,891; the real deficit is estimated from three to five millions. The fixed income of the see of Canterbury is seventeen thousand pounds, with a hundred and forty-nine livings at its disposal. The Times calculates that Great Britain has expended eighty millions sterling in the attempt to suppress the negro slave trade, "without fruit for any party." Of the revenue-report for 1847 and the first quarter of 1848, the same authority says—"We have only to congratulate ourselves that things are not so bad as they might have been." The Morning Chronicle absolutely desponds. The financial, political and social condition of nearly all Europe had become so bad, that a mighty pervading shock seemed necessary and inevitable. Tinkering would not answer. The immediate results are the more disastrous for the extent, depth, intensity of the abuses, and the inveterate blindness of the rulers and privileged monopolists. Viciousness and decrepitude have occasioned an overthrow and crash which have astonished the victors nearly as much as the vanquished.

The *Moniteur* of this morning contains a decree of the provisional government which dissolves the armed convocations of Germans in the north-eastern departments. Its preamble deprecates a war with Germany, on account of military expeditions of foreigners, who are not denied access to their country when they present themselves in peaceable guise. Another decree reduces the number of the military territorial divisions of France to seventeen, and the subdivisions to forty-three. The old superior officers of the reserve and of the staff, who have been eliminated by the minister of war, have raised an outcry, and arranged an early meeting for a common expostulation. The famous General Gourgaud is of the number. The government military journal announces that it calculates upon an effective force of upwards of six hundred thousand men, in case of war. The ele-

ments of the calculation are given, with the *nota bene* that the first revolution had not a hundred and fifty thousand regular troops at command (*sous main*) when it entered the field against coalesced Europe. Five distinguished regiments are ordered to join the garrison of Paris—two of them cavalry. Revived Jacobinism gnashes—*frenit ore cruento*. The government has allotted to the ministry of the interior the sum of half a million of francs "for extraordinary expenses of general safety." It has taken possession of the four steamers of the Havre transatlantic company and restored them to the navy: there is an end to that line. New York should send a steamer to Havre at least once a fortnight. We have an official annunciation of the acceptance of the republic at Martinique and Guadeloupe. "The legitimate impatience of the blacks" is mentioned. We are not told how the colonial proprietors are to be indemnified for abolition.

The night before the last, Paris was thrown into fresh alarm by this circumstance. In many of the wards, in the elections of Sunday and Monday for the national assembly, which were closed at ten at night, the extreme radical or anarchical party, or the ticket of Ledru-Rollin, Blanc, Flocon and Albert, had notoriously failed. The police received certain information of a plot of some of the most violent clubs and their myrmidons to carry off and destroy the ballot-urns. Large numbers of the national guards were immediately summoned "*pour un service d'urgence*," the urns committed to strong vehicles and strong backs, and transferred to the offices of the mayors under considerable military escorts. It was a business of several hours. The posts at the offices were doubled. The 28th inst. is fixed for the general counting of the votes at the Hotel de Ville. About two thirds of the registered voters are supposed to have gone to the polls. The number of the inscribed voters in the department of the Seine is about three hundred thousand, considerably larger than that of the whole constituency, or *pays légal*, of Louis Philippe's kingdom. We cannot yet know exactly the successful tickets, but there is reason to believe that the seven moderate members (Lamartine's party) of the provisional government have a large majority. The candidature of the commissaries in the provinces and their modes of enforcing their claims are understood to have injured the republican cause. The still revolutionary clubs and journals betray deep chagrin at the composition which they foresee for the national assembly. We read in one of their chief organs, "*Le Monde Républicain*," (25th inst.,) "In ten days we shall have to deal here with a national assembly consisting of heterogeneous elements—of elements of discord—of the most dissolving elements. Before two months shall have elapsed, this assembly, which will not be able to operate with any *ensemble* or unity, will probably be dissolved, unless, enlightened by the counsels and admonition of the republican press, and impelled by necessity, it shall catch another spirit and idea from the manifestations of democratic opinion, and per

ceive by their fervor that the time is come to act in a way and sense the reverse of the system which the moderate voters, those men who compromise and ruin every cause, have meant that it should adopt invariably and despite all opposition." On this head the strain of the new kindred sheets—the *Commune de Paris*, the *Père Duchesne*, *L'Ami du Peuple*, and others on my table, is far more fierce and minatory. But the provisional government takes the best measures to protect the assembly, at least in the outset. The opening on the 4th May is to be signalized by a magnificent universal celebration and an immense influx of people from the departments. We have in the *Moniteur* an official programme of "this the most imposing of all solemnities." The arrangements are singularly fantastic and sentimental.

Paris, 27 April, 1848.

Seven or eight pages for you were committed yesterday to the post-office. I snatch an hour to add three or four—a random supplement. We are oppressed by the quantity of momentous intelligence, and the accumulation of journals, meriting some attention. Nothing in the way of publication had ever been imagined like the emission of placards, loose pages, tickets, decrees, addresses, pamphlets, gazettes, since the full enfranchisement of the press here and elsewhere on the continent. The trade has out-grown every other, as a hugely enlarged spleen or liver in the animal frame beggars the rest of the organs. The provisional government, their commissaries, and the public authorities in all parts of the country, have vied with the projectors, clubs, candidates, lecturers, in beprinting all the street-corners and public edifices. They file the time of multitudes who read themselves, and more who do so by proxy, and nearly all of whom might be better employed. You see on every edifice that can be claimed for the government or republic, *Respect for the National Property*, in large characters. This appeals to sentiment and personal prudence. The *Courrier Français* (an able journal, friendly to the government) gave yesterday an editorial article, headed, "Of the commercial, financial, and political discredit, resulting from the decrees passed by the provisional government in order to help the public treasury." It is an awful disquisition; it argues and concludes that nearly the whole body of the inhabitants of Paris have lost half their fortunes. The *Siècle*, the organ of the old left, likewise treats the "financial situation" with knowledge, adroitness, and courage. As the provisional rulers draw near to their term, animadversion becomes severer, bolder, and more diffusive. A decree commands the preparation of a general statement of the finances, for the national assembly, stopping at the 24th February. We may presume that a *compte rendu* of the subsequent period will be exacted; as yet there is no *exposé*, though the journals suggest or demand a peep behind the curtain. The *Siècle* says—"The minister, M. Pagès, stated on the 9th March, that the government of Louis Philippe had expended in the two hundred

and sixty-eight last days of its existence, *eleven hundred thousand francs per day*. When the provisional government shall render its *bilan*, we shall, probably, learn something as painful; the deficit of ordinary resources, during the two first months of its existence, cannot be less than twelve or thirteen hundred thousand francs per day." A London paper of the 28th inst. remarks, that "the inconvertible paper system is extending, and will probably pervade the whole continent." A result not unlikely. As all the provincial banks of France are to be merged in the institution at Paris, and the notes of all are legal tender, we are already in the system. Silver abounds, however, and the discount on notes remains inconsiderable. It is of little special value except as a reserve against paper-depreciation, which must come. But few of the forty millions francs, in fives, struck by the republican mint, are found in circulation. Why they should be particularly hoarded is not obvious.

The ballot-urns from three hundred and sixty wards, in the department of the Seine, have been safely lodged at the Hotel de Ville. The presence of a multitude of public functionaries in the late chamber of deputies nearly exhausted the lungs and pens of the indignant opposition. In the elections just completed, the number of public functionaries, *candidates*, is ascertained, so far, to be at least *twelve hundred*; the portion chosen remains to be disclosed. They belong to the republican party. I could not venture to conjecture the whole *cipher* of candidates—thousands would be a modest phrase. The twenty-five francs a day to be given to the members, has not been without attraction. If abuses, disorders, deficiencies, mistakes, ignorance, have happened in the elections throughout France, we may not wonder nor complain, considering that this is the first trial of universal suffrage in a nation of thirty-five millions. Neither the peasant nor the city-workman is easily bought, but he is excitable and credulous; a large proportion of the voters cannot read, and have never possessed the least knowledge, nor entertained a thought, of political institutions. Michelet, the historian and professor, ventured to affirm, not long since, in a lecture, that forty millions out of the thirty-five millions of French had not a common idea. The elective franchise will give them a stock of common, salutary, quickening ideas.

The moderate or simply republican members of the provisional government have been placed on the tickets of all the moderate and substantial parties, along with a few candidates yeelped workmen. Scarcely one of those tickets was of absolute predilection and choice,—the greater the credit due to the hosts of adopters who made a virtue of necessity in an alternative. It is credibly related that Lamartine being asked how and by whom the country could be saved, answered—"By the Holy Ghost alone, and let us hope that it will descend into the vessels, however unworthy, of myself and some of my colleagues." The lovers of order and sound polity have chosen to see the cloven tongues descending upon the poet. He has borne & the

rushing mighty wind," and the fiery inspiration, as became a patriot and the elect of Providence. He has a vast majority in the returns from capital and provinces, as the symbol of a wise and moderate republic. The advices from distant quarters are all satisfactory. One result was the considerable advance yesterday of all the public stocks. The shares of the Bank of France rose for another reason. It became known on the exchange that the Bank of England had sold to the other ingots of silver, to the amount of fifty millions of francs, for French government stocks and exchequer-bills. This was a grateful return for a service of the kind formerly rendered. The *Constitutionnel* of this day is sure of the arrangement, but does not mention the rates admitted. The *bons du trésor* lose thirty-nine per cent.

On the ticket deemed the best and the highest, we have the names thus:—Béranger, *chansonnier*; Lamartine, *poete*; Lamennais, *apotre*. The apostle has been very useful in writing as the tongues dictated. Two hundred and ten thousand votes were taken in Paris, and about sixty thousand in two adjacent districts. The superior and safe seven of the eleven of the provisional government, with Generals Lamoricière and Cavaignac, are far ahead. No disturbances of any consequence are recorded: in the manufacturing town of Louviers, there was a serious riot; even at Rouen and Lille, Messrs. Ledru-Rollin & Co. were left in "a significant minority." The *Presse*—the demagogue Girardin—of this morning, has the hardihood to ask, "Will the national assembly contain a single man that knows how to give democracy its true laws?" Under the present aspect of the elections, we can expect a hundred capable of understanding the errand. That they will prevail, is a different problem. "It was full time," observes *La Liberté*, of this day, "to have the assembly. The provisional government, maugre the good intentions of the majority, could not have stood two more months. The assembly will separate the tares from the wheat." It was nearly broken up the night before the last by internal combustion. A detachment from each of the legions of the national guards of the capital and the *banlieue* has been summoned to preserve order while the votes are counted to-morrow, (Friday,) and when the results are proclaimed on Saturday. The groups of inquirers and conjecturers on the boulevards, and in all the streets and quays near the Hotel de Ville, were numerous and dense until midnight. The government is blamed for a delay truly unavoidable. It is also rebuked for the probable cost of the festival of the 4th May—the inauguration of the national assembly—a cost of eleven hundred thousand francs. "Restore that sum," cries one editor, "preferably to the despoiled savings-banks." "The money of the poor people," exclaims another, "could have a better destination. They do not call for noisy mythological representations." Nevertheless, the assembly was to be welcomed theatrically, *à la*

mode de Paris. The distances, the condition of the roads, and the very short interval between the election-returns and the 4th May, must prevent the larger half of the body from appearing in time. Above and below Paris, the river looks like two immense lakes. In one place, it is three miles wide, owing to the rains.

Yesterday, at the Hotel de Ville, Mr. Rush delivered his credentials in form to the provisional government. His speech, for which I refer you to the newspapers, was suitable to the occasion. In complimenting the government on having admirably preserved *internal tranquillity*, as well as external peace, he played the diplomatist rather than the historian. To be sure, France has not been afflicted with a civil war, in the broad sense, but she has been widely disturbed. Most of the tumults and affrays are imputable to the arbitrary port and *coups d'état* of the government commissaires—the proconsuls whom the minister of the interior instructed and even commanded to be revolutionary and absolute. Lamartine replied to our envoy, in a skilful and beautiful strain. He improved the opportunity to teach and lead his country. It was a turn or dispensation of Providence, he said, that our republic should be the first to acknowledge and hail the French sister, as France had done to the American. Henceforward, France would be ripe for her institutions. "The republic which she desires is that which you Americans have yourselves founded—progressive, but conservative of rights, property, liberty, industry of every kind, commerce, probity—moral and religious sentiment of the citizens—a republic of peace and fraternity—no proscription—no confiscation—no blood. We hope for a republic, a glorious sister of the American; we speak, as Lafayette did—the republic of the two worlds. All Frenchmen have for the Americans the heart of Lafayette." You must be content with the substance from me of his fine effusion. In a reply, several weeks ago, to a French deputization, (no, the Italians, I believe,) he celebrated, magnificently, the virtues and example of Washington. Before the organization of the national assembly, I intend to distribute a view of our republican annals, maxims, institutions, peculiarities, and various progress, which may be useful as matter of information and reflection for that body. A band of the montagnards having threatened to demolish the presses of the journal *L'Assemblée Nationale*, the authorities have garrisoned with national guards the edifice from which that and three other new organs are issued. The torrents from the skies having arrested field labor, Paris has a large accession of gentry with whom government and all would gladly dispense. The club of the army of the Alps has transmitted a fraternal address to the club of clubs, or the grand revolutionary committee of the capital. A new *central club for the provinces* is instituted, with a journal and such statutes as furnish a coördinate *national assembly*.

From the Newspapers.

THE Frankfort parliament will meet upon the 15th May, and when its members, its composition, its discordant interests and elements, its individual, national, and provincial jealousies are considered, it may be affirmed that more than eight or nine months will elapse before its labors will be concluded. It is this inevitable delay that causes the general depression of credit and spirit. The discussions of individual states are held to be of secondary importance. The fate of Germany depends upon the federal parliament. That parliament will hold in its hands the destiny of sovereigns, of landlords, of merchants and manufacturers. There will be no repose for either of any of these until the general parliament has determined the general position. Credit, confidence, and even hope, shaken to their very basis, cannot ameliorate until men see clearly before them. In the mean time commerce, industry, and trade have suffered, and will suffer, to such extent as will require years of tranquillity to repair the mischief. *Facilis descensus*—rapid, indeed, has been the fall, but to recover will be found a work of Hercules.

THE "Société d'Economie Politique" presented an address to the provisional government, complaining of the suppression of the chair of political economy in the College de France. M. Lamartine, in reply, said that he could not believe that the liberal and enlightened intentions of his friend and colleague, M. Carnot, could have been well understood by the "Société des Economistes," for that it could not enter the idea of a government founded on labor and intelligence to deny to a science its right of enlightening people's minds and interests, or to crush any germ of truth. He was sure, on the contrary, that the intention of the minister was to multiply the teaching of that science under other forms. But, he added, the science should not be, as it had hitherto been, the science of wealth. The republic desired to make it the science of fraternity, the science by which not only would labor and its fruits be increased, but by which a more general, more equitable, more universal distribution of wealth would take place among the whole people. The problem, the minister said in conclusion, was to conciliate property with liberty of labor, and increase of wages—any other would be a subversion instead of an improvement.

In consequence of the impression that the provisional government, in abolishing the chair of political economy, filled by M. Michel Chevalier, at the College de France, intended to suppress the study and exposition of that science, the *Moniteur* publishes a programme of the lectures to be delivered by the new professors. Under the head of political economy there are to be 18 lectures, embracing the consideration of all the systems of finance and political economy, proposed or adopted from the earliest periods by distinguished men, and ending with the systems of Owen, Fourier, St. Simonianism, and the Libres Echangistes.

A petition has just been addressed to the pro-

visional government by a great number of Jews residing in Paris, praying to have the Consistory dissolved. This demand is founded on the fact that the present Consistory, they declare, was nominated by 111 individuals only of the Jewish persuasion, out of 6000 to be found in the capital.

WE read in the *Messenger*:—"A lady of Geneva, who is a friend of the Duchess of Orleans, received a few days ago, from the duchess, a letter which contains among other things the following words:—'I deplored at first the unexpected revolution of February, and wept over the terrible fall of those who were dear to me; I regretted at first for my son the loss of the finest crown in the world; but now I would rather see my son dead than hope for him an early return to France, or dream that he might one day sit upon a throne which is forever impossible.'"

THE *Venetian Gazette* of the 13th publishes a decree of the republic accepting the offer of the formation of a female battalion, who will be employed in tending the wounded, and all those military employments that may be effected without public display.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES—*Sitting of April 17.*—This sitting, like those of the two last months, was marked by very little of interest. A letter was received from M. Versepuy, of Riom, stating that he has succeeded in discovering the means of avoiding most of the dangerous consequences resulting from the present mode of making white lead. By his process the manufacture is carried on in a closed apartment, and none of the dust can enter the lungs of the workman.—M. Laignel exhibited to the academy the model of a triple break, to be used on railway carriages, in the event of a collision. It is so contrived, being in three parts, that the carriage is gradually checked. They must be destroyed successively before the carriage itself can receive any material injury, and by the time the last portion of the break has given way it is supposed the impetus of the train will have ceased, by the resistance that it has encountered.—M. Babinet laid before the academy his theory as to the cause of rain. He finds it to exist in the movement of ascension of a mass of damp air, which, arriving in a region where the atmospheric pressure becomes less than at the point from which the damp air has risen, the latter dilates, and, becoming considerably cooler, is converted into liquid.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS, vol. 3. This volume has already been reviewed in the *Living Age*, and is now just reprinted by Messrs. Harpers.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS; an historical tale of the early settlement of Vermont. Published by B. B. Muzzey & Co., Boston.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848, by Thomas Dunn English, and G. G. Foster, has been issued in a volume, with many plates, by Zieber & Co., Philadelphia, and Redding & Co., Boston.

"PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12¢ a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

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Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4¢ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1¢ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The *volumes* are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1848.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.